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FOR FAITH AND FATHERLAND

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WEEK BY WEEK.

The governor of New Foundland, Sir Terence O'Brien, is an Irish Protestant.

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A beautiful church, built entirely of iron, has been constructed at Rheims. The pillars are very slender.

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An attempt was recently made to steal the relics of the arm of St. Anne which is enshrined in the church of St. Baptiste, New York City.

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We learn from the Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia that the only Catholic who ever sat in the United States Cabinet was the Hon. James Campbell who died in 1893.

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The greatest teacher of Unitarianism was Dr. Priestly. His granddaughter, Mrs. Belloc, is a Catholic, having become a convert several years ago. She writes a charming sketch of him in the Contemporary Review.

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The leading comic paper of England is called Punch. On its staff Catholics are conspicuous. Among them are Mr. Burnand, the editor, and Mr. Arthur a Beckett, Mr. Anstey Guthrie, and Mr. Bernard Partridge, the artist. Their fun is never irreverent or indecent like that of Puck.

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The assembly of the city of Hamburg has voted public thanks to the Sisters of Charity, the Sisters of St. Francis, and the Sisters of St. Charles, who nursed the cholera patients during the last epidemic in that city. Our Sisters are examples of the Christian religion in action.

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The British Government has promised to take active steps to prevent serious destitution during the now threatened famine in Ireland. It has too shown a disposition to stand by its Irish policy and to nail Home Rule to the mast. As a consequence the Irish Home Rulers are again wheeling into line as allies.

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Mass in Windsor Castle! Just think of it! And it was, too, probably the first mass held by order of an English sovereign since the apostacy of Henry VIII. And this was done a few weeks ago by command of the Queen, when she heard that Sir John Thompson, who died at the castle, was a Catholic. Catholics will think better about the old lady after this display of tolerance.

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Threatened famine in Ireland, distress in New Foundland, starvation in Nebraska, savage butchery of Christians in Armenia, anti-revolutionary laws in Germany, threatened bankruptcy in "United" Italy, war in China, persecution of Catholics in Corea, daily rumors of insurrection in Central or South America, and hard times everywhere. It is under those circumstances that 1895 has made its entrance to the world.

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Seven hundred men of the Royal Irish Regiment recently attended mass in Limerick and afterwards marched to their barracks to the once rebel air of "O'Donnell Aboo!" some of the words of which are:

"On with O'Donnell then
Fight the old fight again
Sons of Tyrconnell all valient and true
Make the false Saxon feel
Erin's avenging still
On for your country
O'Donnell Aboo.

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When Judge Robinson was recently appointed to the bench in North Carolina, it was said that he was the first Catholic who ever held office in that State. This is a mistake. Richard Caswell, president of the convention of 1776, which adopted the Constitution, was a Catholic. Thomas Bourke, one of the formers of the Constitution of 1776, and State Delegate to Congress, was a Catholic, and Judge Gaston, of the same State, was a Catholic, too. So says an evidently well informed correspondent in the Philadelphia *Ledger*.

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Nonsense, Rev. Sir, from Tacoma, Nonsense! No Catholic yields *absolute* obedience to the Pope. As an infallible teacher the Pope's power is limited to the already revealed word of God. He has not the inspiration of the apostles; he can add nothing to the Moral Law, and he must interpret the "deposit of faith" left by the apostles. But it takes so long, oh! so long! to make these simple truths plain to brains of vagrant slimness.

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Goodwin Smith has been the last eminent man to say that Froude was not a reliable historian. Well of course not. Father Burke was not a historian, but in a few weeks he proved Froude to be either a lazy, careless, indifferent, or downright and perverse sinner against what was true. In fact, as far as the Irish and Catholics are concerned, all history for the last three hundred years has been a grand conspiracy, as de Maistre says, against the truth. All that is, however, changing and the Light is coming in as the days pass along now.

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Let us have a word with the Tacoma *Ledger*:—In journalistic disputes we like to turn the pen into a foil, and not flourish it like a bludgeon. We like to fight with the *carte* and *tierce* of gentlemen of the old school, and not murderously assail an opponent with the footpads weapon, a sand bag. When we meet journalists like the ones who conduct the Tacoma *Ledger* and read their shallow, illiterate and vulgar attacks on the Pope and Mgr. Satolli, we think it better to let them alone and to remember that half-witted people speak much and say little.

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Some Irishmen met in Chicago the other day and references were made to the hope of establishing an Irish Republic which were "loudly cheered." Exactly, that is just what the British tories want at present. Those "cheers" will, in all probability, be made the subject of editorial comment in the English papers and, possibly, be referred to the House of Commons as an argument against Home Rule and as a "proof" that the Irish in America want to see Ireland seperated from England by force of arms. But if the Irish in America only knew how closely their utterances were noted they might, at least, be more circumspect.

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Bishop Rademacher of Fort Wayne is, evidently, a man of action. He is not going to allow the Sisters Orphan Asylum of his diocese to be assailed by the A. P. A. sheet of Fort Wayne without knowing the reason why. He will give the gentleman of the dark lantern an opportunity of proving their allegations or else suffering the consequences of their calumnies. The Sisters could not defend themselves but the Bishop is their champion and in spite of all attempts to avoid the issue by legal quibbles the case is to be tried in the Circuit Court. We would like to shake Bishop Rademacher's hand and say, as they do in Ireland: "God bless your work."

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There is a Baptist Minister named Grant in Portland, Oregon, who thinks that Catholics should be shot as traitors to the Republic. Men of this kind do not appreciate the liberty they enjoy and they simply turn liberty into license. A Republic demands a higher order of intelligence in the citizen than any other form of government and when that higher order is not reached among preachers it only proves that they have not attained to the necessary discrimination between right and wrong, truth and falshood, which every citizen of a Republic is supposed to be guided by in public affairs. Then again it is so easy to become known as a demagogue and so hard to become known for intellectual attainments and men like Grant take the short cut. That is all it means.

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His Grace, the Archbishop, has, we see by the daily papers, been invited to co-operate with Dr. Dille and other gentlemen of the dark lantern in promoting a Civic Purity organization in San Francisco. Just think of it! An Archbishop of the Chnrch invited to work hand in hand with the men who were, and are, the High Grand Alphabets of the protective association! If that is not arctic in its coolnes we never saw ice. But we wonder what is the meaning of it all. Isn't there an old saw which says: "Look out for the geese when the fox preaches," and is it not time to 'look out' for ourselves when the war lords of the A. P. A. call their followers to arms? Civic Purity is indeed well worth organizing for if it is honestly done, but we fancy that the gentlemen who "fill their sails set for heaven with blasts from hell," are not the the men to do the work.

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How is the House of Commons going to fight the House of Lords? Are not the Lords independent of the Commons? Well, yes and no. The House of Commons can fight the House of Lords through the appointing patronage, and it can fight it by cutting down the supplies intended for the friends and relatives of the Upper Chamber. It was proved in a return issued at the instance of Lord Monkswall in 1893 that there were 163 peers receiving pay pensions, or allowances, from the government, and that the sum of $1,552,000 was spent annually in this way. If those pay pensions and allowances were threatened and the government refused to appoint the kith or kin belonging to the lords to position of emolu mist or trust the gentlemen of the strawberry leaf and the coronet would soon dance to another tune than that of defiance of the popular will.

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A correspondent from Berlin supplies the following interesting item to the press: "Some bigotted Protestant officers commanding Prussian regiments not long ago introduced a rule that no officer should obtain permission to get married to a Catholic lady unless he signed a document promising that all the children were to be baptised and brought up in the Protestant persuasion. The Catholic Prussian bishops thought it their duty to protest against this to the Emperor. It is gratifying to learn that Emperor William II. issued a strict order to all the military authorities to the effect that every Protestant commissioned or non-commissioned officer is at liberty to marry whom he likes, whether Protestant or Catholic, and that no commanding officer should interfere when the parties have made their arrangements with a military chaplain. If the Protestant husband has promised to educate his issue according to the Catholic faith, he can not be blamed for it, and the marriage itself may be solemnized in any church, whether Protestant or Catholic. The papers call this decision an act of royal justice."

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"Let the world know", said Archbishop Ryan at a meeting called last week in Philadelphia to hear Father Yesbek, an Armenian missionary, detail the atrocities of the Kurds, "Let the world know that we feel that such things cannot be permitted in our age". Yes, if we had a truly Christian world, how quickly those words would find an echo on thrones, in cabinets, and in armies, and the Turk would be soon brought to his senses by the only logic he understands—force. There is only one way to reach the "Unspeakable" and that is to tell him to "Stop", and if he does not stop, then take him by the throat and make him. Romans, Persians Saracens and Turks have each in turn persecuted the Eastern Christian and after nineteen hundred years of it, surely it is time for Christendom to come to the rescue in such a way as end these persecutions for ever.

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Here are two pleasant incidents to record:—Father Doyle, of the Paulists lectured before the students of the Protestant Union Seminary recently and the "*Churchman*," newspaper, severely censured the faculty of the Seminary for extending such a courtesy to a Catholic. Then Bishop Potter censured the "*Churchman*" and defended the faculty against that paper. That sounds well and liberal minded men, all over the world, will thank Bishop Potter. The other incident happened in Scotland where an Episcopal Bishop rapped an Episcopal clergymen over the knuckles for insulting the Catholics in an address given in Edinburgh. Then we see that the Rev. F. H. James a Protestant minister, who, lecturing before a Boston audience on Evangelical work a few days ago said;—"The Catholic priests strive to lead the Chinese upward, to improve their civilization and to lift them toward the truth; labor which only the bigoted and ignorant could regard as useless." Does not this look like: "Peace on earth to men of good will."

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Cardinal Galimberti, who is in daily communication with the Pope, was interviewed the other day by a correspondent of the New York *World* with this affect:

"It is true that relations between France and Leo XIII are less close now than formerly.

The Pope wishes to keep free from all entangling alliances.

He does not wish to be regarded as a political personage, but chiefly and above all as an Apostolic force.

His one ambition is to conquer souls, to enlarge the fields of Catholism.

He is not in power of France, Italy or the Triple Alliance. He stands above all mundane rivalries.

He does not abandon any right with regard to the temporal powers but meanwhile the upset of the temporal powers has been a blessing to the Vatican which has been able in consequence to devote itself more conclusively than ever to its apostolic mission."

Here is the reply to the men who in 1870 said that the "upset" of the temporal power was "the beginning of the end of the Papacy."

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The civic charges in Ireland have increaced by $565,000 a year since 1868 and during the fifty-five years before there was an increase of $350-000 a year. The cost for the police in rich Great Britain is sixty-eight cents per head of the population, while the cost for the police in impoverished Ireland is $1.60 per head of the population. Then look at the cost of justice in both countries. In England the charge on Imperial revenue for justice is twelve cents per head of the population, while in Ireland it is 31½ cents per head of the population. Ireland is goaded into turbulence and then she is forced to pay the piper even when the turbulence ceases. True England has been generous enongh in the way of granting public works to Ireland, but they are only given to bribe her into quietude. Give Irishmen the right to manage the internal affairs of their own country and there is every reason to believe that they could regulate their own financial affairs better than the best disposed or most philantrophical Englishmen could do for them. And this right Irishmen will get some day.

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O'Connell exposed the way Ireland was robbed since the Union but England took no notice of the exposure or only "pooh-poohed" it and so it ended for the time being. The present government, however, appointed a Commission to enquire into the financial relations of the two countries and the evidence taken thus far proves that O'Connell was right and that Ireland has been shamefully robbed by her richer neighbor. It would take too much space to explain the nature of these undue exactions now and they may be summed up to one sentence and that is this:—Ireland has been forced to pay more—much more—than her fair proportion of expenses to the Imperial Exchquer. "Justice to Ireland" has hitherto been a parrot cry, but as Englishmen begin to study the dismal science of political economy they are beginning to learn what savages they were in their treatment of that unhappy land and their best men today Gladstone, Morley and others frankly admit it.

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The year is young and yet we are told that "many Americans are preparing to spend the Summer abroad." Might we not ask those "many Americans" if they could not profitably spend some portion of their time examining the rare beauties of their own country. Who that has travelled much but has met Americans who have seen everything of interest in Europe and yet who never visited the Yosemite or the Yellowstone, or who never even heard of the Mesa Enchantad, that noblest single rock in America, standing like a stone table upheld by ineffable precipices in New Mexico? Or how many "traveled" Americans have seen the wonders of Wyoming with its marvelous natural monilath rising higher than the Washington monument and looking as well proportioned as if chiselled by a genus? But some "travelled Americans" would rather go to Egypt and return knowing nothing but that they had ridden on a donkey, and been baked in the sun than see the Grand Canon of the Colorado, that spendthrift of wonderland, that coloseum of volcanic gladiators, that garden of the Gods multiplied by ten.

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Perhaps the best book ever written on the West is "The Land of Poco Tiempo," by that eminent writer, Charles F. Lummis. It is an epic in prose. It is a history of New Mexico, "The Land of the Pretty Soon," and it was published in 1893. We note the book because we have just read it, and on page thirty-two it does justice to the Spaniards in this fashion: "Both in justice to history, and for the comprehension of the present, it is proper to reiterate, here that the Spanish never enslaved the Pueblos; never made them work in mines; found no mines in New Mexico, and made none; never forced the Indians to abandon their old religion and adopt the new. Spain's was the most comprehensive, humane and effective 'Indian policy' ever framed. In all three qualities it surpassed all the 'Indian policies' of all European nations, and the later United States rolled into one." This is an old truism come to light again. As for the Pueblos of today, they are shown to be the most striking ethnologic figures in the country, and when one reads of them in "The Land of Poco Tiempo," it looks as if here in the United States we had a people a few of whom are superstitious enough to be likened to the heart of Africa beating against the ribs of the Rockies.

Boys and girls should read the premium offer on another page.

PERSONALS.

Corrigan—It is again being rumored that the Archdiocese of New York will soon be divided by the erection of another See within its limits.

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Russell—Three of the five Lords of Appeal in England are Irish, like Chief Justice Russell. This places the British law power in the hands of the Celt.

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Taylor—A man named Taylor wrote to the Legislature of the State of Washington to pass a resolution calling on Congress to remove Mgr. Satolli from American soil. Poor fool.

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Rooker—The Rev. Dr. Rooker, the new Secretary to the Papal Legation in this country, is the first American citizen to whom the Vatican voted a commission. He says the Pope is in excellent health.

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Vaughan—Cardinal Vaughan is considered one of the handsomest men in England. He is tall, well proportioned, graceful and erect and one can easily imagine what a superb soldier he must have looked when he was in the Guards.

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Anderson—Mary Anderson (Mrs. Navarro) now says that she looks on the stage with positive aversion. For a few years she loved the work, but after that the unnaturalness of the life, its false glitter, and its unwholesome excitement became apparent to her eyes.

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Gladstone—Rumor in England continues to say that Gladstone may again enter public life. He alone, it is said, can consolidate the Liberal Party and head it to victory. He retired before and returned again at the call of the people, but he is eighty-five years of age now.

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McGlynn—A great change has came over the appearance of the Rev. Dr. McGlynn. Eight years ago he was a stalwart man, straight as an arrow, with hair jet black. Today his figure is slightly stooped and his hair is gray. His bearing is, however, the same and his voice as sonorous as of old.

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Harcourt—It does not appear to be remembered that the wife of Sir William Vernon Harcourt, the leader of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons, is an American. She was a Mrs. Ives and is a daughter of Prof. John Lathrop Motley, the historian and intimate friend of Prince Bismark.

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Mobray—Mobray, the anarchist, is in jail in Philadelphia, awaiting his trial on a charge of using language calculated to incite to riot. That is all right, but what about the Christian(?) clergymen, who here in San Francisco and at Portland, Oregon, use language calculated to incite to riot so often?

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Leo XIII—In the audience given to the officers of the United States cruiser Detroit, Pope Leo set a shining example of benevolence. He made no allusion to the broken mosaics sent back to him from the World's Fair and no complaint of the astounding waste of time and unpardonable delay in returning the borrowed properties.

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Churchill—The London correspondent of the New York *Recorder* says that one night, when Lord and Lady Churchill were on a visit to the Queen something happened which caused him to resign his position as a Cabinet Minister and to leave Windsor next morning before breakfast without seeing Her Majesty. What that "something" was the correspondent says is a "profound secret." No, it is no secret at all in London. Everybody has heard of it and the correspondent is only playing with words. We can say no more.

Charity Versus Philantrophy.

Rev. Father Dowling, of the Society of Jesus, delivered a lecture in Chicago on the Triumph of Charity. The contrast between charity and humanitarianism is well worth consideration, and we regret that owing to our limited space we are only able to give the following extracts:

"Every epoch has its follies. Ours is plunged into an abyss of humanitarianism which has all but hidden the fair form of charity. Charity is no longer a simple nature, it is a science, a social mechanism, a system, a governmental necessity. All our representatives of civilization, our poets, sages, philosophers, political economists and philantropists exhaust themselves in homilies about the sore of pauperism; they lament the hardheartedness of wealth and speak touchingly of the privations of the poor. Yet all these prophets of progress proclaim the necessity of almsgiving in the name of purely philantrophic pity. The poor being a fragment of humanity, they succor them and believe by that title they love them.

"This is but a beneficence of calculation founded in selfishness and springing from a sense of terror. Such philanthropists have calculated the number of submerged tenth of our population and surveyed the residuum of society; they have considered the chances of social revolt, the disastrous consequences of the division and upheaval which must follow; they have stamped their feet on the crust which covers the volcano of modern pauperism in order to learn what weight it will carry without giving away. Unfortunately this apostolate or selfishness only aggravates the evil by offering no other compensentation in face of unsatiable and corrupting luxury, than the humiliating salary paid to hunger in order to soothe its anger and lull its fury to sleep. All this is not charity properly understood, for charity does not imprison poverty in palaces of misery, lest respectability be offended by its soreness and rags; charity means unselfish devotion, feeling and sympathy. This is the charity Christ came to teach.

"What a cry of astonishment was wrung from the pagan world 1,800 years ago, when this flood of marvelous sympathy burst upon mankind. Up to that date not a single hospital or asylum stood out against the dark sky of paganism, for the pagan had but two means of ridding himself of the unfortunate, infanticide and slavery.

"Suddenly charity appears. She is seen attending to every cry of suffering humanity, bending over the afflicted, mingling her tears with theirs and receiving against her bosom the shock of all human sorrow. Nothing like it was ever seen before.

"For 1,800 years Lazarus has been lying at the door of Christian civilization, asking for the crumbs which fall from the table of affluence, appealing for pity and begging the bare right to live. But within the last generation his plaintive cry for mercy has changed into an imperious demand for justice, and his claim is being allowed. Lazarus has been the victim of social conditions whieh have wrought against him clear and distinct injustice. The grievance point of view is this: Labor is habitually wronged by the employer and not sufficiently protected by the state. The wages are inadequate, the working hours too long, there is no division of profits accruing from the laborer's toil and skill. Consequently there is not sufficient rest and recreation, not good enough clothing, housing and food; not a fair chance of advancement for the toiler and his family. Why should some be ever toiling and others be ever spending and enjoying what the laborer's toil has won? Why should the poor respect a system which devotes the sweat and labor of the many to the profit and pleasure of the few? The produce of labor should not be apportioned in an inverse ratio to the toil, so that he who never labored gets the largest portion, while most exhausting bodily labor cannot count with certainty upon earning the very necessities of life. With this feeling deeply rooted Lazarus doos not thank you for the public aid which you dispense. He considers himself entitled to it; that it is his by right; aud that you are but the representatives of that benevolent abstraction—the state—by which he has been grieviously wronged. Public charity dries up the fountains of his gratitude, means has been provided for his relief and he merely uses what is his by right.

"This leads me to say a word of those who absolve themselve from works of mercy during life because they intend to leave a large bequest by will. A dollar given during life is far more meritorions than a hundred forced from one's hand by death, which is more inexorable than any highwayman. A man is not liberal who surrenders to a robber all that he possesses, even to the coat from his back. To leave for a good object any amount of wealth is like telling a highayman to make good use of what he wrests from you by force."

Pope's Apostolic Constitution.

In the Apostolic Constitution, Orientalism dignitas Ecclesiarum, which has just appeared, the glories are recalled which these Churches have obtained by apostolate, martyrdom, and the doctrine of sanctity, and the resulting benefits spread amongst other peoples when Peter came to establish himself in the queen city of the world. From the beginning of Our Pontificate (Leo XIII. proceeds) We have seized every occasion to exhibit Our benevolence towards these Churches, founding at Rome the Armenian and Matonite colleges, favoring the institutes started for the Bulgarians at Phillippopoli and Adrianople, for the Melchites at Jerusalem, and for the Greeks at Athens. We mean to augment the number of Syrians in the College of the Propaganda, and restore the Greek College at Rome according to its first institution made by Gregory XIII.

It is considered necessary to maintain intact the discipline and rites of the Eastern Churches in the seminaries already founded or to be founded, for, since the time of the Apostles, the variety of rites is the ornament of the Church, the affirmation of the divine unity of Catholicism, and the splendid expression of its dogmas. The Holy Father wishes therefore that there should be no detriment to these rites by Western missionaries living among the Orientals. The dispositions of Benedict XIV. in the Constitution Demandatam must consequently not be abandoned—on the contrary, must be confirmed and amplified.

The present Constitution is based on thirteen rules, of which the following are the principal: Latin missionaries who try to induce Orientals to embrace the Latin will incur suspension. The faithful can communicate under another rite in the places where there is no priest of their proper rite without being considered as having thereby changed their rite. Religious communities directing colleges in the East must take care that Oriental pupils are instructed according to their ites. No college of the Latin rite is to be opened in future without the consent of the Holy See. Every Oriental, even beyond the limits of the territory of the Patriarchs, will remain inscribed in his rite. Every Oriental becomes Catholic who may be spiritually directed by Latin priests because Oriental priests are lacking, will return to his rite as soon as Oriental priests are available. The jurisdiction of the Melchite Patriarch will comprehend all the faithful of his rite in the territory of the Ottoman empire.

The Apostolic Constitution ends in these words: We earnestly hold to the founding in the East of colleges, and colleges of their proper rites. We will consecrate abundant subsidies to this object, grace to the generosity of Catholics in which we hope. Indeed, we esteem the work of indigenous priests more fecund than that of strangers. In order to bring back the dissidents the Apostolic Delegates in the East will make it a point of honor to accept the traditional institutions of the Orientals. They will see that the authority of the Patriarchs is respected, and will favor unity between the Oriental Churches and the Church of Rome.

The last sitting of the four Cardinals appointed to confer about the affairs of the Eastern Churches—namely, Rampolla, Ledochowski, Vincenzo Vannutelli and Garlimberti—occupied three hours. They are in future to be convoked monthly by the Pope to ensure the observance of the new constitution. To give still greater impetus to the movement, and to bring objectively to the eyes of the Eastern nations the power of the Holy See, one of the Eastern Patriarhs will be made a Cardinal.

An American Industry.

Under this title Messrs. Benziger Bros., of Chicago and New York, have issue a very tasty brochure, beautifully illustrated with half tone pictures, showing the various processes of the silversmith's art, and ecclesiastical metal work, at its home in Benziger Bros.' factory in Brooklyn, N. Y. The little book gives a splendid idea of the the methods of manufacture of articles for church use, and at the same time is a compendium of the growth of that industry in the United States. Although intended as an advertisement for that firm, still the matter within its pages is very interesting.

Bad Newspaper and Novel Reading.

Of living bishops few are more distinguished for solid learning and piety than Right Rev. John Cuthbert Hendley, monk of the Order of St. Benedict and Bishop of Newport and Menevia in Wales. His great experience adds further weight to the words of his pastoral letter, from which the following is extracted:

"There are plenty of foolish, inexperenced, and roughly-educated boys and girls to whom descriptions of violence, blood, drunkenness and riot are exciting in a dangerous degree. Pictures of crime, of impossible heroes and heroines, of romantic marriages and tragic adventures stir up that curiosity, that restlessness. and that strange desire to imitate which are found in all human beings before time and sad experience have sobered them. But in matters relating to modesty and purity there is far more danger; because the passions are, as a rule, much more easily stirred up in these things than in others which are against the laws of God and our nature.

Such books as these lie about everywhere, and are read by rich and poor. Idle ladies read them; but so do business men, clerks, servants and working people—who thus not only do harm to themselves directly, but by squandering their time expose themselves to loss, and are tempted to dishonesty and neglect of duty. . . . It is far better to be behind our friends in our acquaintance with the talk of the hour than to have our minds stained by doubtful reading. Innocence may be smiled at, but it is respected. . . . To read, for honest recreation, even silly books that are not otherwise objectionable, is in no way to be condemned. But continuous idle reading of romantic, sentimental or exciting narratives spoils one's life and causes a general laziness and looseness in one's whole nature, uufitting the mind for exertion and the body for self-denial.

A Gaelic School.

About the middle of this month there will be established in this city a school in Gaelic. It is to be under the auspices of tne Gaelic Literary Society of San Francisco, of which William Desmond is president, and will be free to all Irishmen wishing to acquire a knowledge of their native tongue. Lessons will be given weekly in the hall of the Knights of the Red Branch and the classes will be organized and taught by the Rev. Eugene O'Growney of Maynooth College, who, with the Rev. Mockler of Waterford and the Rev. Goodman of Trinity College, Dublin, is ranked among the most distinghed of living Celtic scholars. Father O'Growney has sent to Ireland for the text books required, and immediately upon their arrival the school will be opened. In six months or a year later it is believed that the number of Irishmen in this city unable to read and speak their native language will be greatly reduced.

The Man of Galilee.

Subscribers of this paper who have as yet failed to take advantage of the Examiner's offer to supply the various portfolios of the Man of Gallilee to the readers of this paper on the same terms as the Examiner, should do so at once. The pictures in the various numbers are really beautiful, and their religious interest, especially at the present time, is great. All that is necessary is for subscribers to clip the coupon from the eighth page of this paper, enclose it with ten cents in coin or stamps, and mail it to the Examiner business office, 756 Market street, and the portfolio desired will be promptly forwarded. So far six of the numbers have been issued. You will regret missing this opportunity if you fail to make use of the chance.

Back at the Old Location.

Charles L. Barrington, who some time ago disposed of his drug store at the junction of Van Ness Ave., Market and Oak streets, has purchased back the store, and will during the coming week, assume the control of it. Mr. Barrington is too well known to readers of the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC to need any further notice from this paper. After the first prox., W. H. Adair, who has for many yeaas been connected with the drug store of G. G. Burnett on Montgomery street, near California, will be associated with Mr. Barrington, in the management of the store. As both the proprietors are young men well known in this city, enjoying an excellent reputation, their venture is bound to meet with the success that it deserves.

THE POOL TO NARCISSUS.

You never loved me, but you saw in me
Reflected all the flowers your own soul bore.
You saw your eyes in mine, and so you swore
That only eyes like those your stars should be.

You leaned your flower soft face toward my face.
I waited, heartsick, for the crowning hour.
You looked and longed and loved—not me, fair flower—
You loved the mirror of your own great grace.

You leaned down with the lily that you wore.
Had I but leaped to meet your kiss divine
You and your flower of love had now been mine,
Drowned in my love, to waken nevermore.

But as it is—ah, love, you know the rest!
Robbed of your image, how the pool seemed base!
You will find many a mirror for your face,
But no more flowers will lean across my breast!
—Athenæum.

GENERAL MILES' BOYHOOD.

Loved Fishing and Was the Leader of an "Indian" Band.

When General Miles was a boy, he had few companions near his home, for it was a farming region and sparsely settled. His only brother, 12 years older than himself, left home early, and his two sisters being much older Nelson was left much to himself.

On Saturdays and other holidays the schoolboys frequently met by appointment at the home of one of their number. They formed themselves into bands and clans and drilled or carried on miniature warfare. They re-enacted scenes of the Indian and Revolutionary wars. The leaders drew lots to settle who should be "the British," "the Injins" or "the 'Mericans."

Nelson Miles frequently led one band. They made expeditions through the open wooded country. Sometimes imagining themselves roving Indians, they built wigwams, and sometimes as pioneer settlers they built log huts. They laid ambuscades, attacked strongholds, captured parties and did many other adventurous things. Their costumes were gathered from the farmhouse garrets and consisted of colonial, continental, 1812 and train band uniforms—formerly common in old New England families—and imitations of the dress of the Narragansett and Iroquois Indians. The weapons were old flint lock muskets, shotguns, rusty swords, tomahawks and bows and arrows.

It is easy to infer that the Miles boy had military aspirations, and that the promise of an appointment to West Point when he should be of the required age would have been hailed by him with delight. But a farmer's boy without relatives or friends with political influence had no hope of such an appointment in those days, when cadetships went by favor and not by competitive examination.—New York Press.

The Judge and the Cyclist.

A jocular cyclist, well known in the Copenhagen sporting world, had to answer a summons for riding on the footpath leading to Lyngby church. The judge thundered out the words, "You have been cycling on the Lyngby church footpath?"

The cyclist nodded assent.

"You will have to pay a fine of 4 kroner."

The accused took four coins out of his pocket and laid them on the bar. "But tell me, your worship, have Prince Waldemar and Princess Marie permission to cycle on the path in question?"

The judge rubbed his nose.

"Um! No, certainly not. Is this your first offense?"

"Yes, your worship, and my last," answered the culprit.

"Well, then, I will let you off with a caution this time."

Our cyclist gathered up his money, made his bow and walked off. But when he had got to the door the judge called out to him:

"Hello, you there, did you actually see Prince Waldemar and Princess Marie riding on that path?"

"I? No, your worship," replied the cyclist, with a twinkle in his eye, and was gone.—Handelstidningen.

The Bicycle.

If a prophetic genius of 30 years ago had ventured the opinion that this generation would enjoy the use of a machine which man's own physical strength could drive 30 miles an hour or faster even, his incredulous hearer would have been likely to whisper "steam." Yet we have today such a machine, not only established in the favor of thousands of young men given naturally to activity, but rapidly capturing the respect and the fancy of people of all sexes, sizes and pursuits, to whom the hitherto known forms of exercise have been difficult or impossible. The bicycle has created a sentiment for itself and for the outdoor customs it leads to which amount to a genuine cult. The generic name of "wheelman" describes a wheelman indeed in spirit and in habit both.—New York Sun.

The Battle of a Week.

The battle of a Week was the great conflict at Tours, in which Charles Martel overthrew the Saracens, A. D. 732. The members of the Saracen army are variously estimated at from 400,000 to 700,000, and the monkish historians say that 375,000 were killed on the field. It is suspected that these figures are a gross exaggeration, but it is certain that few battles of history have been either so bloody or so decisive.

A Cruel Command.

The marquis was extremely wroth with his valet on account of one of his usual stupid tricks. Calling out to him, he said: "Giovanni! Come and help me on with my topboots. I want to kick you."—Cronaca.

In the sugar corn the conversion of sugar into starch is arrested at a a particular point in the growth, the grain does not fill out, and is consequently shriveled.

The bones of very aged persons are said to have a greater proportion of lime than those of young people.

BEAT THE TRAIN DISPATCHER.

This Operator Used to Get Sleepy and Had the Locomotive Wake Him.

Operators who keep lonely vigil at night in little out of the way railway stations lead lives which are anything but enviable. The usual hours are from 7 p. m. until 7 a. m., and how those 12 weary hours drag only a man having had experience knows.

On most railroads a night man at way stations must report to the dispatcher's office by wire as often as once an hour in order that the dispatcher may know that sleep has not overcome the senses of the lonely "owl." Now this very necessary thing—sleep—is the most bitter enemy the "owl" has to contend with, but the manner in which he indulges it is sometimes amusing, to say the least.

All sorts of contrivances to serve as an "eye opener" are conceived by the knights of the key, but the ingeniousness of a man who a few years ago "held down" a night station on the Fitchburg road caps the climax.

From the time of his first taking the position he was the source of more annoyance to the dispatcher because of his little "naps" than all the other operators combined. So after having been "hauled over the coals" innumerable times and the promise that the next offense meant dismissal Mr. "Owl" began to think.

Taking a stout cord and fastening it to the outer rail of the track in front of his window, he ran it through a hole into the office. Then perching himself upon a table he tied the cord around his waist, closed his eyes and slept on "without a care for the morrow."

When the first train came bowling into the station, the cowcatcher of the engine came in contact with the cord attached to the rail, and Mr. "Owl" suddenly found himself lying on the floor wide awake.

By this method he was always on hand to report the arrival and departure of trains, and the dispatcher in Boston wondered how it was that Mr. "Owl" had become so prompt.—Telegraphers' Herald.

ART OF REMEMBERING.

All Sorts of Systems Have Been In Use From Time Immemorial.

The art of rendering artificial aid to the memory by associating in the mind things difficult to remember with those which are easy of recollection is said to have originated with the Egyptians. The first person to reduce it to a system was, according to Cicero, the poet Simonides, who lived 500 B. C. His plan is known as the topical or locality plan and was in substance as follows: Choose a large house, with a number of differently furnished apartments in it Impress upon the mind carefully all that is noticeable in the house, so that the mind can readily go over the parts. Then place a series of ideas in the house—the first in the hall, the next in the sitting room, and so on with the rest. Now, when one wishes to recall these ideas in their proper succession, commence going through the house, and the idea placed in each department will be found to readily recur to the mind in connection with it.

It is related that the mnemonic plan was first suggested to the poet by a tragic occurrence. Having been called from a banquet just before the roof of the house fell and crushed all the rest of the company, he found on returning that the bodies were so mutilated that no individual could be recognized, but by remembering the places which they had severally occupied at the table he was able to identify them. He was thus led to notice that the order of places may by association suggest the order of things.—Philadelphia Press.

The Chinchilla.

The tiny chinchilla, not more than 12 inches long, with a plump little body on short, stout legs, thrives only in the tropics. New York's supply of chinchilla skins comes from Peru and Venezuela chiefly. The little beasts have to be killed with the utmost precaution not to injure their fur, that grows on a skin nearly as tender and soft as a web of silk. They are not common animals nor abundant in their South American haunts, so that a perfect chinchilla skin when it arrives, customs paid, in the port of New York, easily fetches $10 or $12 for its hand's breadth of fur. To keep in good condition the delicate pelt and the making up of small bits into the large barrel shaped muffs and circular cape collars worn this season easily make a chinchilla wrap more costly than ermine or sable. A perfect skin, not larger than a small pocket handkerchief, is a revelation in fur growth. The texture of every hair is finer than floss silk, the length of it nearly an inch and the coloring about that of the soft undyed marabout feathers.—New York Sun.

A Historic Highway.

Massachusetts avenue, from Dorchester to the battlefield of Concord, through Boston, Cambridge, Arlington and Lexington, is a magnificent drive on a pleasant day, with a moderately dry roadbed and the absence of flying dust. More points of historic interest are in view in this continuous avenue of 20 miles than in any similar excursion route in the country, not excepting St. George's avenue, the ante-Revolutionary military road that traverses New Jersey 100 miles between the cities of New York and Philadelphia, passing through Newark, Rahway and Trenton.—Boston Budget.

Herbivorous Animals.

Herbivorous animals do not eat all of nature's menu. The horse refuses the water hemlock that the goat eats with avidity, and, on the other hand, the goat refuses some plants that are eaten by the sheep. The tobacco plant is avoided by all save the goat, man and the tobacco worm. Some botanists think that no plant is absolutely poisonous, but only relatively so, being harmful to only certain animals.

A GRAND Opportunity TO MAKE MONEY

$5 to $50 FOR LITTLE LABOR

The field is open, and the first to enter the list will reap the harvest.

Boys and girls, men and women, can devote an hour or two a day to the work, which is light, easy, and profitable.

This is The Plan

Get five yearly subscribers to the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC, collect $1.50 from each one, send $5 to the office, and retain $2.50 for your commission.

Get ten yearly subscribers, send $10 to the office, and retain $5 for your trouble.

Get twenty yearly subscribers, send $20 to the office, retaining $10 commission.

Get forty yearly subscribers, send $40 to the office, retaining $20 commission.

Get fifty subscribers, send $50 to the office, retaining $25 commission.

Get one hundred subscribers, send $100 to the office, retaining $50 commission.

Any person sending a list of five yearly subscribers will be entitled to the commission on subsequent names sent, at the same rate. The first list from any person must consist of not less than five subscribers.

Lists of subscribers received under this offer must be new ones; that is, not composed of any who have already ordered the paper.

Make all money or express orders payable to Henry I. Fisher.

Receipts will be sent subscribers from this office, showing the date of expiration of subscriptions.

GILROY IN THE LEAD.

What Church Will Secure the Ostensorium?

CLOSE OF THE FIRST WEEK.

Interest in the Result is Manifested in all Quarters—The Preferences Expressed.

Interest in the proposed presentation of an Ostensorium to the Catholic Church or chapel whose parishioners shall secure the largest number of subscribers in proportion to the number attending is going to be very popular judging by the number of letters of inquiry coming from all parts of the State in reference thereto. These have been answered, and as a result a number of designations of of preference have already been received.

From Gilroy came the first expression and as a consequence that thriving town in the Santa Clara Valley heads the list. How long it will remain there, is a question that can only be answered as the letters come in.

A young gentleman who formerly resided in Virginia City, has received a letter from one of his friends there, and in it he is told of their determination, to be not laggards in the race, but well to the fore, Stray copies of the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC, containing the coupons to indicate individual preferences are now anxiously sought by him,

Alameda with the new church dedication engrossing the attention of the parishioners is only represented, but if the people there make up their minds to obtain that Ostensorium, the rest of the State will have to hustle.

Berkeley is also in line, and while the circulation of the CATHOLIC is limited at yet in the University town, there are many friends of the paper there, who will work to get that Ostentorium for Father Phillips.

Returning to the subject of articles for church use, our first offer is to present a

HANDSOME OSTENSORIUM

to the church or chapel which shall be designated by our subscribers. In this and subseqent issues a blank will be printed on which each subscriber will be entitled to designate his choice, and for those who wish to increase their efforts by securing new subscribers, extra special blanks will be provided on which will be recorded their choice, as follows:

For one year's subscripton	75	60 points.
For six months' "	78	30 points
For four months	50	20 points
For two months	26	10 points

As these names are received the points will be credited, and the tickets deposited in a sealed box, out of which they will be taken in the presence of a committee, when the date of receiving the last subscriber under the offer shall be announced.

It may be surmised that under this plan, in consequence of the disparity in number of parishioners, or members of different churches, those having the greatest number will secure the ostensorium. In order to overcome this difference in membership the proportional plan will be followed. A careful estimate of the average number in each Catholic body working to secure the ostensorium will be made, and the one securing the largest proportion of the points received will, under the terms of this offer, be entitled to the award.

It would hardly be fair to pursue any other course, for in many country parishes every one might designate their own church, and yet not number over fifty, while in a parish with five or six hundred members, only one hundred might express their preference. Justice would, therefore, demand that the smaller place should receive the award. While the term parish or church is used principally throughout this article, any society or sodality, having a chapel devoted to their use entitled to the same privileges as a church.

For the benefit of our readers we have placed the Ostensenrium on exhibition in the window of A. Waldteufel, 721 Market street. For those who may not be able to see the beautiful present, awaiting an owner, the following description is appended:

The Ostensorium stands 26 inches high and is of most elaborate workmanship; rich chasing, mounted with jewels, including a row of brilliants around Luna.

MY CHOICE FOR

The Handsome Ostensorium

is.....Church

at.....

Mail or bring to the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC,

Room 10 Montgomery Block.
San Francisco. [No. 1.]

The following is the standing of the different churches at noon of Friday:

Gilroy	60 points
St. James, S. F.	10 points
Alameda	7 points
Virginia City	4 points
Berkeley	2 points

THE CRISIS IN FRANCE.

Melodramatic and Farcical Elements of the Approaching Climax.

A crisis in the public affairs of France seldom fails to present dramatic and picturesque features which make French politics of greater spectacular interest to alien onlookers than the politics of any other country. The rapidly approaching climax in the fate of the present government at Paris is by no means lacking in the mixture of the melodramatic and farcical elements. The weapons being employed in what has now become a desperate struggle are quite unknown to ordinary political warfare. Take, for instance, the government campaign against the press, for that apparently is the real significance of the prosecutions of blackmailing editors. There has been for several months what seems an insane determination on the part of a large section of the sensational press to incite a warlike hatred of their neighbors, chiefly England, in the minds of the French people. The government has been at its wits' ends as to how to check this dangerous and incendiary spirit, which daily grew stronger and more defiant. The exposure of the blackmail scandals furnished an opportunity to discredit the entire press and greatly weaken its influence, of which the authorities, under ministerial direction, were not slow to take full advantage. The charges against a large class of Paris journalists are true, and the government's rigorous pursuit is fully justified, although its motive is not disinterested love of justice.

There would be probably an easy triumph of the government over its journalistic enemies if it were not for the startling and embarrassing dilemma of the cabinet, only hints of which as yet have reached its critics. It grows out of the Dreyfus treason scandal, which still holds public resentment at a high pitch throughout France. The popular opinion has almost unanimously condemned in advance the accused captain of selling important military secrets to Germany, and it demands a public trial and the swiftest and severest punishment. This feeling is largely due to certain indiscreet utterances by General Mercier, minister of war, about the case, and it is now well understood that the cabinet is hopelessly divided into groups, headed by Mercier and Hanotaux, the foreign secretary.—Paris Letter.

THE MIRACLES OF LOURDES.

A Meeting In Paris at Which Zola Was Refuted by Living Witnesses.

We have had in Paris an absolutely new spectacle, for one night only. Fifteen persons who declare that they were miraculously cured of terrible diseases presented themselves for inspection at a lecture given by Dr. Boissarie of the bureau des constatations at Lourdes. Dr. Boissarie's object was to refute various statements made by M. Zola in his book on Lourdes, and in order to prove that the cures which take place at the scene of Bernadette's visions are truly miraculous he brought from various parts of France 15 persons healed within the last two or three years at Lourdes of diseases which medical science had pronounced incurable.

Among these was the young woman, Marie Lemarchand, who figures in M. Zola's book as Elsie Rouquet. She went to Lourdes horribly disfigured with lupus, which had partly destroyed her nose and mouth and spread over her whole face. Zola gives a realistic description of her appearance, which is anything but pleasant reading. It was nevertheless read at the meeting, and then Marie was asked to stand up and show her face. As she did so there was a general exclamation of wonder. The victim of lupus whom the doctors had abandoned had become again quite a pretty, fresh faced country girl whom medical men declared to be perfectly healthy. Another subject was a man who was pronounced at the Saltpetiere hospital to be suffering from paralysis and blindness caused by atrophy of the optic nerves. He went to Lourdes and recovered his sight and health instantaneously. Then there was a girl who was cured of a cancer which was so bad that a surgeon refused to operate upon it, and another of a wound in the foot caused by caries of the bone.

This procession of miracules and the medical diagnoses and certificates which were read produced an extraordinary impression. The audience was largely composed of doctors and medical students.—Paris Cor. Boston Transcript.

Vermont Loves Red Clover.

In a vote for a state flower taken in Vermont more than 9,500 votes were cast for the red clover out of a total of 17,611, and the legislature has passed a bill making the red clover the state flower.

Compulsory Fire Insurance.

English insurance men are discussing a proposition to make fire insurance compulsory.—London Globe.

"THE GREAT SHE."

Her Tribesmen Say Her Age Is Three Hundred Years.

Is it Mr. Rider Haggard's "She" who has just fallen into the hands of the Boers? The Lydenburg correspondent of South Africa sends to that paper an interesting account of the capture of the "Queen Majajie, or Great She," who seems to have had a wonderful history.

"A peculiar fact is that her own tribe have never seen her. Only her indunas were allowed to see her. They number 92. The commander in chief is Jonas, an aged man. The rest are virtually young men. Only three women were ever allowed to see her. One is a bearded female, with beard fully two inches long from her chin. Around the sacred kraal are wooden images, representing every nation of Kaffir, and all sorts of animals beautifully carved out of wood."

"She's" residence was an ordinary round hut, well built, and "when she ate meat she had to be carried by her indunas to another kraal, and even then her nation was not allowed to see her.

"She had her great medicine tree in a forest, and all sorts of signs and symbols existed there, sacred to the Kaffir mind, and in a kraal near the tree were 140 fine fat slaughter oxen inclosed. The general had her carried by her trusty indunas to the head laager and allowed the Knobnosen friendly natives to see this wonderful woman they had so often heard of. Her own tribe also gazed on her in some wonder."

The queen is of great age, fully 110, it is supposed, although her tribesmen say 300.

"She is of a light copper color, with a frizzy sort of wool on her head and wears a sort of hood of tiger skin. Only her neck and face are bare. All her body is covered with royal tiger skins. The general would not allow the burghers to interfere with the wooden images, charms, etc. A missionary, the Rev. Mr. Ruiter, who has lived 13 years near Majajie's and only seen her when captured, asked her why she had not allowed him to call on her. She politely replied, 'That is my business.'"

It is feared the queen will not long survive her capture.

A "CIGARIST'S" SCHEME.

A Chicago Man's Plan to Create a Sort of "Smokers' Investment Company."

Since Sir Walter Raleigh introduced the use of tobacco to the Caucasian race "My Lady Nicotine" has been raising havoc with the finances of her devotees, and now comes W. A. Fay with a utopian scheme whereby investing money in cigars becomes like putting it in a savings bank. Mr. Fay proposes to organize a club of 500 men, who are to daily invest 50 cents in cigars. This means $250 per day, and it is argued that if this number of smokers can be induced to work on a united plan of action the profits at the end of a year would be something like $40,000. This sum well invested would yield a revenue which, with subsequent yearly profits, would soon prove a highly profitable investment. Aided by the reverie producing azure haze of a good cigar, the sanguine believers in the plan can see not many years off a magnificent skyscraper of an office building owned by the members of the "Smokers' Investment company."

There is one strong point in favor of the scheme, and that is the fact that those who go into it are not taking any chances to lose, and they may win. If a man is going to spend 50 cents a day for cigars, and there are hundreds of men in this city who do, he might as well buy them at some place where he has a chance to secure a benefit from the profits on his daily expenditure. Of course a gilt edged, ironclad financial committee would be part of the concern. The only thing that can be urged against Mr. Fay at the present time is that he describes himself as a "cigarist."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

END OF THE WORLD.

An Asbury Park Pastor Thinks It Will Come Right After the Chinese War.

The Rev. Howard T. Widdemer, the pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Asbury Park, N. J., has expressed a belief that the world will come to an end in about ten years. Mr. Widdemer was teaching a class of boys in the Sunday school, and one of the boys made a remark about getting married.

"You should not begin so early to think of marriage," said Mr. Widdemer. "When you are 35 years of age, you will be just about old enough."

"But I may be dead by that time," said the boy.

"Yes, I think you will be dead," was Mr. Widdemer's unexpected reply.

When asked to explain, the minister said he thought all persons would be dead before the boy reaches the age of 35.

He bases his belief upon the Scriptures and particularly on that passage which seems to prophesy the end of the world when the gospel shall have been preached unto all the nations. He says that already missionaries have carried the gospel into every nation save one small country, which, in his opinion, the present China-Japanese war will open up.

"When that country shall be conquered for Christ," said Mr. Widdemer, "the world will come to an end."

Where Is the Peachblow Vase?

It turns out that the Peachblow vase is not in the art collection of the late Mr. Walters of Baltimore, in whose possession it had been supposed to be. This famous little jug, which was intrinsically worth about 2 cents, and which was sold at auction at the Morgan sale eight years ago for $18,000, has disappeared from view as completely as if it had been buried in the earth. It looks very much as if the purchaser, whoever he was, was not proud of his judgment or of his investment.—Boston Herald.

BRAVE GERMAN SAILORS.

Their Rescue of Wrecked Americans a Magnificent Piece of Work.

The invalids wintering at Ventnor, a sheltered nook on the isle of Wight, were recently thrown into a state of excitement much greater than was good for them by the landing of a crew of shipwrecked American sailors, who, as soon as they got ashore, fastened on the spectators and told them a glowing tale of the heroism of their rescuers. The men belonged to the Boston coasting schooner Wilhelmine, which was caught in a terrific gale and driven out to sea. The schooner sprang a leak, and the crew, knowing that the vessel was likely to sink any moment, began to think of the folks at home and to pray. A steamer was seen approaching, but the Wilhelmine's men believed that rescue was impossible with such a sea running and did not even indulge in the luxury of hope.

The stranger was the German steamer Brilliant, and her officers and crew were made of the stoutest human fiber. They launched a lifeboat and rescued those unfortunate Americans with consummate bravery and devotion. The annals of the sea scarcely tell of a grander bit of work. Every one of those Germans carried his life in his hands and knew it as none but experienced sailors could know it. Over and over again they were forced back by the tremendous seas, and the manner in which they maneuvered their boat alongside the sinking schooner and got the men off was as fine a testimony to their skill as the actual undertaking was to their humanity and pluck.

Some of those rough Bostonian sailormen shed tears of gratitude when they were at length put safely aboard the Brilliant. Even at Ventnor and at Southampton, where they were taken at the American consul's expense, their eyes moistened as they told of the Germans' bravery and of the liberal treatment they received on board the Brilliant. It is proposed to bring the Brilliant's service to the official notice of the United States government, with a view of obtaining adequate recognition of the heroism and humanity of her officers and crew.—New York Sun's London Letter.

DID "THE RUBE ACT."

Experience of the Flushing Chappies With a Long Island Hayseed.

I've got a pigeon story from Flushing, which, next to Gowanus, is perhaps the most famous town of Long Island.

They've got a grand, new fangled, dude pigeon club down there and opened it with an invitation shoot last week.

A lot of cracks were persuaded to go down, but the Flushing chappies had put on so many frills that they thought they would put up a little job on them.

Louis Duryea, who is a very clever man with a gun, was dressed up to look like a Long Island hayseed, in rubber boots, an old canvas jacket and a slouch hat. He was introduced as a fellow who thought he could shoot and had roped in with some of the crowd. The committee demurred at first, but when he pulled out his $25 entrance fee they thought they might as well gather it in.

"Davenport," as he called himself, was guyed unmercifully every time he went to the trap. He acted his part to perfection, was very awkward in handling his gun and appeared surprised every time he brought down a bird.

After Davenport had killed 15 straight the Flushing dudes didn't guy him so much. At 20 straight he was greeted with dead silence, and all the Flushing cracks had dropped out.

So Davenport went on and won the cup and all the "mon," with a clean record of 25 straight, and, what is more, he got away from Flushing without any of the local talent getting onto him, and perhaps they won't know until they read this of the nice little gag Louis Duryea of Glen Cove put up on them.—Cholly Knickerbocker in New York Recorder.

A SUDDEN CHANGE.

A French Nobleman's Short Stay at Washington Calls For a Surmise.

A certain young French nobleman who arrived in Washington a day or two ago left in a hurry for his own shores, giving as his reason to the clerk of the up town hotel where he stopped that he could not enjoy himself in a country whose language he did not understand. He came expecting to remain several weeks, and there is a romance connected with his abrupt departure.

It seems that two summers ago he met a fair young American girl in Paris, and he fell in love with her speedily or with the fortune she was reputed to possess. At all events, the affair seemed to progress smoothly, and there was every prospect of a union. It was to claim the hand of the young lady that brought the gentleman to Washington, and on the day he landed he sent back a cablegram to his mother, saying, "All is well; am very happy." The next day he cabled, "Everything broken off; return at once."

What sudden cloud obscured his visions of bliss none except the parties to the episode know. Whether fate, in the shape of a stern father, interposed to break off the match is only for conjecture, or it may be that the young aristocrat found at the last moment that satisfactory marriage settlements could not be made. At any rate, he vanished, and one American girl will be all the happier for getting an American husband.—Washington Post.

Gullible Americans.

In spite of the recent conviction of Jacques and Thomas for conspiracy in obtaining money from credulous Americans by means of the unclaimed estate dodge, the game is being tried again, this time in connection with the so called Hyde estate. An agent recently came from America to prosecute the pretended claim. An official of the English high court of justice has notified the United States embassy that there is not the slightest basis for this claim.—London Dispatch.

THE WOMAN WITH A PAST.

Her Frequent Appearance In the Drams Is Causing Discussion.

Several high class English weekly reviews have joined the London Times in exhaustive discussion of the modern society drama, or what Labouchere describes as "realistic Magdalen plays." Beerbohm Tree's latest success, "John-a-dreams," is the usual text employed, but the subject has been made widely comprehensive. Mr. Tree was at first somewhat resentful in resisting the attacks upon his piece. In his latest letter, however, he admits, for the sake of the argument, that the woman with a past has been too frequently upon the stage of late, but he affirms: "Certain it is, however, that the best and strongest dramatic work which this decade has produced has been that whose subject some of your correspondents have so severely reprobated. The inference, I make bold to say, is obvious. It is the epoch, not the actor or the author, that is arraigned. The taste of the public is undoubtedly for discussion of such problems, as is evidenced not only on the stage, but in the lecture hall, in magazine articles and in novels. The desirability of such a discussion is a matter of opinion. To go to the root of the whole matter, What is an immoral play? I hold that an immoral play is one which deals in a spirit of flippancy with those passions that are the very central fact of life, which makes a jest of virtue, which flatters vice, which panders to the lower instincts of our nature, and which clothes the nakedness of evil with transparent and alluring garments. I challenge any one to point to a single passage of Mr. Chambers' play which could be thus described."

The Times, in summing up the subject, takes the side of the objectors, saying:

"We have had a great deal too much of the woman with a past, and too many of her. If she had been confined to one play, she would still have had an amount of elucidation altogether out of proportion to her importance. But she is forced upon our attention with such persistent assiduity that people who do not want to hear about her find their opportunities of theater going seriously curtailed. She has been elevated into a cult. The leading doctrine of the new woman school, which contains a certain number of effeminate males, is that the one thing worth living and working for is free discussion of unsavory subjects by men and women. When a manager desires to have a little variety in the way of a play which does not turn upon adultery, he has to engage in a prolonged struggle with a playwright resentful of the excision of what he thinks the finest thing in the piece."

THE REPORTER'S REPLY.

He Quickly Discovered That He Wasn't Talking to a Gentleman.

On Monday night a well known operatic star appeared at one of the leading opera houses. It was rumored that she had bet $1,000 on Levi P. Morton. A reporter was sent over to the opera house to inquire into it, but the business manager of the troop would not let the reporter enter behind the scenes. When the opera was over, another reporter was sent over to the hotel where the operatic star was stopping. It was half past 11 when he sent up his card requesting to see the singer in regard to her bet. A moment later the business manager came down stairs and confronted the reporter.

"Do you consider yourself a gentleman?" he was asked.

The reporter said he did and asked what the business manager meant by such a question.

"Well, Miss —— is a lady, and no gentleman would presume to call on her at this hour."

The reporter got somewhat heated by this turn of affairs.

"Have you ever been a newspaper man?" he asked of the business manager.

The business manager said he had.

"Well, then," said the reporter, "you must know that a reporter seldom disturbs any one of his own accord. It was my duty to come here and try to see Miss ——. You might have sent word down that I could not see her. You say that Miss —— is a lady. I do not doubt that, but I will say that she did not get a gentleman for her business manager," and before the business manager could reply the reporter was gone.—Syracuse Post.

She Resented the Criticism.

A young man and a lady were walking in the lobby of the Herald Square theater, New York, the other night discussing De Koven's "Rob Roy." During their talk the words, "It is plagiarism, mere plagiarism," were spoken audibly by the gentleman. Straightway a lady behind him exclaimed, "I dare you to say that again." The gentleman, surprised, looked around and ventured to remark mildly that he had a right to his opinion. "I dare you to say that again," repeated the lady, with flashing eyes. "I am Mrs. de Koven." There was nothing more added, as the reader can imagine, and further criticism of "Rob Roy" was deferred until possibly under more favorable conditions.—Philadelphia Press.

Tried the Ice With His Gun.

Aaron Tracey was found dead on Stillwater pond, near Cherryfield, Me., the other night, with a bullet wound through his head. His rifle was standing upright in the ice beside him, and it is evident that he was trying the ice with it, and that it was discharged by breaking through and bringing up on the hammer.—Lewiston Journal.

A Sensitive Lens.

It is stated of the new 40 inch lens that is being made by Alvan Clark, the telescope manufacturer, that the heat of the hands in polishing it so distorts its focus by expansion that three hours are required to cool it sufficiently for testing.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1895.

Order of the Forty Hours' Devotion.

In the Churches and Chapels in the Diocese of San Francisco, for the month of January.

13 Octave of the Epiphany.

St. Mary's Hospital, San Francisco.

CALENDAR

For the Week Ending Saturday, January 19th

PATRON OF THE UNITED STATES
Mary Immaculate, pray for us.

Jan. 13, Sunday—1st Sunday after Epiphany.—Octave.

Jan. 14, Monday—S. Hilary, Bp., D. (368.)

Jan. 15, Tuesday—S. Paul, First Hermit (342).—S. Maur, Ab. (O.S.B., 580).

Jan. 16, Wednesday—S. Marcellus, P. M. (310).

Jan. 17, Thursday—S. Anthony, Ab. (366).

Jan. 18, Friday—S. PETER'S CHAIR AT ROME.—S. Prisca, V. M. (54).—A. S.

Jan. 19, Saturday—S. Canute, M. (King 1086).

Society of St. Vincent of Paul.

In the year 1893 the Society of St. Vincent of Paul spent in charity the sum of two million, two hundred and forty-six thousand six hundred and ninety two dollars. Judging by the ever increasing number of the members of the Society and the addition year by year to its resources, it may safely be predicted that a still larger amount has been distributed in the year just closed for the needs of the poor.

This Christian Benevolent Society is but sixty years in existence. It originated in that land of charities, Catholic France. Taunted by their infidel and materialistic fellow students in Paris, eight young men of whom Frederick Ozanam was most prominent, determined to prove that practical enterprises count in our days, as in days of yore, receive inspiration and vitality from the ever-living Church. After much prayer, meditation and exchange of ideas, they determined on their work of charity among the poor in the parish of St. Etiene du Mont, Paris. After a short time rules for conducting the meetings and the administration of relief were drawn up. The objects of the new institute were stated to be: "First, to encourage its members by word and example in the practice of a Christian life; second, to visit the poor and assist them when in distress, as far as our means will permit affording them also religious consolations; third, to apply ourselves according to our abilities and the time which we can spare to the elementary and Christian instruction of poor children whether free or imprisoned; fourth, to distribute moral and religious books; fifth, to be willing to undertake any other sort of charitable work to which our resources may be adequate, and which will not oppose the chief end of the society."

The members increased rapidly, necessitatieg a division into conferences, and these in turn became so numerous that a Council-General was called into existence. The movement originated by laymen, and its administration has always been in lay hands, but in union with and subordination to the clegy. The visiting and relieving of the poor have made the society organize several works of charity. Among these are libraries, clothing depots, day nurseries, boarding with farmers, visits to prisons and hospitals, finding work for the unemployed, and the like.

Let it be remembered the members are men following the ordinary vocation of life. Peers and plebians, merchants and their clerks, lawyers, doctors, bankers, tradesmen, mechanics, in a word men of every walk of life who manage to spare time to exercise Christian charity as the Lord and Master did. In serving the poor, they feel they are serving Him. Hence their respect, their reverence, their tender consideration, their generosity and Christian kindness for those whom they relieve.

The works of the society are not blazoned in newspapers, yet the organization has radiated all over the civilized world. The magnitude of its noiseless work may be judged from the amount spent in 1893 in works of charity, and this without any hard officials or questionable methods of collecting money.

Work of the Holy Childhood.

We must not let the Christmas tide go by without calling the attention of our readers to another of those charities begotten in France. That country is beyond all doubt an inexhaustible mine, whence the Church draws richest treasures. The people are instinct with faith, possess great elan, are very self sacrificing, and are singularly gifted with the power of organizing. The Sisters of Charity, the Christian Brothers, the Society of St. Vincent of Paul, that of the Propagation of the Faith, and the Sulpitian Order, are known to the whole world. They are towering peaks surrounded by thousands of Eminences of other works of mercy created by the zeal and charity of French Catholics.

Among them is the "Work of the Holy Childhood." The Annals of the Propagation of the Faith made known from missionaries, eye witnesses to the facts, that the Chinese practiced infanticide in varied ways. Mgr. de Forbin, bishop of Nancey, in 1843 appealed to children to form an association to render aid to those little infidel brothers and sisters. The appeal was warmly responded to. In three years the money receipts amounted to three hundred and fifty-two odd thousand dollars. The association is placed under the invocation of the Holy Child, its chief patron is the Blessed Virgin, others are the Guardian Angels, S. Joseph, S. Francis Xavier and S. Vincent of Paul. Every baptized child up to receiving First Communion may be a member, and may remain so till the age of twenty-one. The conditions of membership are simple; to recite daily a Pater and an Ave for the work, adding O Virgin Mary pray for us and for the little infidels, and to contribute each month one cent. Under the title of the 'Gerbe de Ruth' the Association publishes most edifying accounts of the work. Within ten years of its first appearance the circulation was 131,000. The Association in the first quarter of its century of existence has baptized 375,794 Chinese children and had brought up 37,474. We can well imagine what a spirit of zeal for souls such an association engenders and fosters.

The fiftieth anniversary of the Foundation of the Holy Childhood was the Jubilee of our Holy Father Leo XIII. On this happy occasion the Pope by Special Brief conferred very extensive spiritual favors on the Association. In tender language His Holiness says: "Whenever we recall to our memory the beginnings of this Society, we experience a sweet joy and feel ourselves filled with consolation. For at the time of its birth, under happy but humble auspices, when we ourselves filled the office of Apostolic Nuncio to the august King of the Belgians we felt in it the greatest interest and gave it all our support, for it then already appeared to us to be a salutatory work, full of the spirit of humanity and charity. Elevated since by the will of God to the height of the Apostolic dignity, it is an old affection we cherish for this Society of the Holy Childhood, now became so flourishing in the number of its associates as well as its benefits."

Faith and Knowledge.

Cardinal Gibbons is reported in his Epiphany sermon to have said;

"I would ask you, my brethren, to have three answers ready in your mind when you are confronted by any difficulties against Christianity: First---Ten thousand difficulties do not make a single doubt, and ten thousand doubts do not destroy a single fact of revelation; ten thousand layers of fog and cloud do not blot out the sun in the heavens nor diminish its splendor, Second---The Christian religion has been in possession of for 2,000 years, and has been cherished by the wisest and best of men in every age and country, and it is stronger today than it was ever before. Third---All the civilizations of the past and all existing civilizations to-day worthy of the name, have been based on the doctrinal and moral principals of the Bible."

It should be remembered that between faith and knowledge of religion there is an abyss. The brief of a lawyer may necessitate accurate knowledge of some dogma of Christianity, This he can learn, and make a learned dissertation on it, and yet believe not, A religious function may be presented on the stage, with vestments and instruments of the most perfect kind, as actors may perform each ceremony with grace and dignity, surpassing in exactitude any in the most gorgeous cathedral, the audience may be excited to a certain amount of religious sentiment and yet there is no reality, no substance, no faith.

The Association of Mary Immaculate is one of the most important branches of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith established in France. Its support is mainly derived from the revenue obtained from old postage stamps. To the Director of the Association, Brother Valerian of Notre Dame, Indiana, has sent upwards of 2,070,000 old stamps. The good religious will gratefully receive and forward all sent him for this good work,

A HANDSOME ALTAR.

Mrs. Frank Mahan's Generous Gift to the Sisters of the Holy Trinity.

When the new home of the Sisters of the Holy Trinity, on the corner of Hayes and Fillmore streets was dedicated, the chapel was left unfurnished. Since that time friends of the Sisters have been trying to complete its furnishings, and now with the work well in hand, this result bids fair to be soon accomplished.

During Christmas week a beautiful altar presented by Mrs. Frank Mahan in memory of her mother, Mrs. Myles D. Sweeney, was put in place, and dedicated by Very Rev. John Prendergast, V. G., the first mass celebrated being in memory of Mrs. Sweeney. The altar, which closely resembled that in the old cathedral, is a beautifnl work of carved wood decorated in white and gold, made from the design of Charles J. I. Delvin, the architect.

Carved in the front of the table of the altar is the figure of a lamb recumbent upon a Bible, which is surmounted by a cross. The main decorative features are two figures of kneeling angels on either side of and faeing the tabernacle. The figures are life-size and are masterpieces of the sculptor's art. The door of the tabernacle is of solid silver, elaborately covered with decorative work of gold. It bears at its center, upon the outer side. a magnificent golden chalice in demi-relief. The dome which surmounts the tabernacle is a light and graceful creation, in the best style of its school of architecture. Between its main columns arises a crucifix of ivory and ebony, the work of a Roman master, which was presented to the convent by Miss Kate Oliver in memory of her father, D. J. Oliver.

The altar is one of the handsomest in any of the chapels in the city, and is all in hard wood. As it is in ivory white, of which several coats have been applied, it has the appearance and effect of marble. The chapel is by no means complete. The sisters are now awaiting a handsome altar rail, which will be presented by Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Cooper.

The altar was dedicated on the day before Christmas by the Very Rev. Father Prendergast, vicar-general of the diocese, and the first mass was read that morning for the repose of the soul of Mrs. Myles D. Sweeney, in whose memory the altar was presented. A Mass was also read on Christmas morning.

Eeer since this order was established Mrs. Mahan and her sister, Mrs. Dr. Pescia, have been among the most generous contributors to the support of the institution. No project was ever broached by the Sisters but that these two ladies were foremost in making it a success and in interesting others in their work.

The chapel will also be further furnished by a side altar of the Blessed Virgin, now being built, which will be presented by James Costello, and with a handsome set of stations of the cross, which wijl be donated by Judge R. J. Tobin, in memory of his late wife. The community is already in possession of an organ, now in the chapel, which is the gift of Mrs. Frederick May. Handsome gas fixtures are being made by the order of Mrs. Richard Carroll, who will do her part to increase the comfort of the holy women of the Sisterhood by donating the fixtures to the chapel.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Many Sodalities Elect Their New Officers.

THIEV IS IN A CHURCH.

Improvements at Marysville—Watch Presentation at Lodi.

On Christmas morning after mass the Catholic ladies of Lodi presented Miss Josie Ryan with a handsome gold watch as a mark of appreciation of her kindness during the past eighteen months. Through her efforts and the efforts of the other members of the choir who have kindly volunteered their services, the choir is what it is—one of the best outside of San Francisco. Miss Ryan is not only a perfect organist and pianist, but is gifted with a beautiful soprano voice which for sweetness and correctness cannot be excelled. She was very much affected by the presentation and could hardly respond in audible tones as she was congratulated by the members of the congregation as they dispersed to their Christmas dinners.

Stockton.

Rev. Father O'Connor, of St. Mary's Church, has taken steps looking towards the creation of a relief fund for the benefit of the unemployed workingmen of Stockton during the winter.

His idea is that a committee of prominent citizens be appointed to deviae ways and means. The committee might perhaps hit upon some method of obtaining the necessary money without calling upon the general public for subscriptions, but so far as the clergyman can see at present this method seems to be the main resort.

The idea is to employ men in working upon the streets, cleaning off the mud and using it to fill in vacant lots, holes in the sidewalks, etc., charging property owners for the benefits and thus secure a fund. It is understood that the work will be given only to the unemployed of Stockton.

On Sunday morning, December 30th, the newly organized Gentlemen's Sodality, approached Holy Communion at the 8:30 o'clock Mass. It was a most inspiring sight, to witness this large body of men, as they marched in procession from their hall to the church, where they occupied the central portion.

Rev. Father Whibbs preached a short sermon of instruction, speaking of the necessity of the Gentlemen's Sodality in the parish, and congratulated the members for the interest and devotion they manifested.

The following Sunday, the Young Ladies' Sodality approached Holy Communion, a very large number being present, the membership being 175, both sides of the main aisle being occupied by them. The ladies were addressed by Rev. Father O'Connor, who spoke of the aims and objects of the sodality, and the amount of good they could accomplish in the parish.

On the same day the members of the Father Mathew Total Abstinence Society and the Boy's Sodality, also receieved Holy Communion in a body. In the evening at vespers, the members of the Gentlemen's Sodality received a number of new members. Father O'Connor briefly stated the objects of the sodality and the new members knelt at the altar rail to receive the blessing.

Since the close of the mission conducted by Father Moeller and Finnegan, S. J., several of these sodalities were organized, and the results of their labors are apparent in the devotion manifested.

Oakland.

Between the hours of closing the church on Saturday night and its opening on Sunday morning burglars broke open the tabernacle of St. Francis de Sales Church, took a handsome chalice from the safe, scattered the Sacred Host upon the floor, and despoiled the vestments of many of their jewels, besides doing much other damage in their search for article of valne. It is snpposed that the burglars secreted themselves in the church during the evening. There is a system of wires connecting with alarms in the parochial residence, so that if a door is opened or the altar approachod at any time after the church is closed an alarm is sounded. The system is very elaborate, and whenever tested has been found to work perfectly.

On Saturday night one of the wires was cut, evidently before the switch was turned on, and the circuit being broken, no alarm was given. Considerable damage was done to the altar, besides the stealing of the jeweled chalice and the destruction of the vestments makes the loss quite large. The burglars, who were evidently well acquainted with the church, made their escape through a side window by means of a ladder, found behind the altar. As yet there is no clew. This atest church robbery is the fifth which has occurred either in Oakland or vicinity within the last two years.

During the absence of Father McSweeney, Father Cull will have charge of the parish, and will be assisted by Father O'Growney, who recently arrived from Oreland. It is also said that Father Yorke will also assist from Friday to Sunday evenings.

St. Ignatius.

The Philhistorian Debating Society has elected the following officers: President, Rev. M. Gabriel, S. J.; Vice President, P. Williams; Secretary, H. Sullivan; Treasurer, G. Fox; Advisory Committee, E. Calegaris, Ed. P. Williams; Librarian, W. Breen.

The following is a list of the newly elected officers of the Gentlemen's Sodality of which mention was made last week: Director, Rev. John Pinasco, S. J.: prefect, James R. Kelly; assistant prefects, Thomas R. Carew, John E. Fitzpatrick; secretary, Chas. McAuliffe; assistant secretary, John J. Gallagher; treasurer, John J. Reilly; librarian, James Digman; guardian of probationists, W. J. Ford; organist, Charles L. Ebner; roll prefect, John Coulson; marshal, Lawrence Walch; first assistant marshal, Edward Lang; senior guardian first division, John Rowers; junior guardian first division, P. Lynch; senior guardian second division, Peter Fitzsimmons, junior guardian second division, P. Rattigan; senior marshal third division, J. D. Campbell; junior marshal third division, Thomas Elliston; senior marshal fourth division, T. McCormick: junor marshal, David Costello; senior marshal fifth division, Patrick Kane; junior marshal fifth division, William Hancock; senior marshal sixth division, John A. Finn; junior marshal sixth division, R. O'Donnell; assistant librarians—John Charland, E. Henderson, John S. Welbank, Martin J. Ballard; assistant roll prefects—P. Morrissey, John E. Pope, Jeremiah Looney, James J. Powers; second assistant marshal, Richard Purcell; third assistant marshal, Charles Welds; vestry prefect, J. Murphy; assistant vestry prefects—Maurice J. Pope, Walter Hay, Vincent Solom; assistant guardian of probationists, T. Wharton; standard bearer, James Keogh; choir members, Vincent Kingwell, Theo. H. Wiltz, Thomas O'Brien, J. F. Gallagher, J. H. Widman, J. Eagan, Charles Goodell.

Marysville.

The basement of St. Joseph's church is being repai ed so that the parishioners will have a comfortable meeting room. A new floor has been placed in the hall, and the walls and pillars have been whitened. A stage will be built at the western end, and a series of entertainments is proposed for the winter and spring months. Twenty-five years ago, this hall was one of the principal meeting places in Marysville and old-timers will be pleased at its reopening.

Rev. Father Coleman, as mindful of the temporal as well as the spiritual welfare of his parishioners, has placed a furnace in the basement, by which the hall and the church above will be comfortably warmed by means of regulators. As many of the parishoners have long distances to travel, this improvement will be very welcome.

St. Mary's Cathedral.

The two young ladies' sodalities connected with the Cathedral have elected the following officers:

Holy Angel's Sodality—Prefect, Miss Florence Murphy; first assistant, Miss Marie Stark: second assistant, Miss M. O'Donnell; secretary, Miss Rosemond Meherin; treasurer, Miss Emma McManus; councilors—Misses Constance Smith, Stella Baccus, Minnie Otis, May Horn, May Hogan, Evelyn Slessovitch, May Ryan, Cesea Rogers, Lillie Rock.

Children of Mary—President, Miss Nellie Hayes; first assistant, Miss Emma Sullivan; Seeond assistant, Miss Mary Rielly; secretary, Miss May McKinley; treasurer, Miss Eva Conway; sacristan, Miss Gertie Gardner; councillors—Misses Anna Brennau, Eva Conway, Maggie King, Annie Murray, Bella Murphy.

Santa Clara.

The Sodality football teams of the college had an interesting and exciting game on New Year's day, in which the Xavier's overcame the Loyolas by a score of 16 to 12. The boys are confident that with a littie more practice they will be able to tackle some of the university teams.

The Portuguese Society has elected the following officers: President, J. Roza; secretary, M. Martin; consulters, M. Souzartes, Manuel Fereinas and Sillman J. Perara.

A number of new students entered the college after the holidays.

Sister Mary de Sales, of the Academy of Our Lady of Angels, who has been seriously ill, is slowly recovering.

Virginia City.

On Tuesday Dr. T. P. McDonald and Miss Dollie McCone were married at St. Mary's Church, Rev. Father Tubman officiating. The church was tastefully decorated for the occasion. The bride was attended by Miss Kate Dillon of this city as bridesmaid and Charles McDonald acted as groomsman. The bride was presented by her brother, Senator A. J. McCone. The bride, who is an attractive and accomplished young lady well known in society circles in this city, where many of her friends reside. wore a handsome robe of white satin brocade, finished with court train. She carried bride roses. Miss Dillon wore a gown of pink satin brokade, trimmed in white chiffon. The flowers were American Beauty roses. Dr. and Mrs. McDonald left on the afternoon of the wedding for a bridal trip to this State.

Alameda.

In the semi-annual examinations lately held at Notre Dame Academy, the successful pupils who received an average of 90 per cent were: Misses Lily Seeley, Loretta Britt, Annie Conway, Mary Carroll, Frances Scholten, Mary Coughlin, Eleanor Greene, Jennie Grace, Sadie Henry, Louisa Smalley, Edith Shelley, Mary Lindeman, Louise Kerwin, Susie Petranek, Emma Tischer, Mary Coustier, Adelaide Jones, Alice Hughes, Eva Lindeman, Amy O'Connor.

St. Dominic's.

Rev. Father Dyson, O. P., director of the Young Men's Holy Name Society, was recently presented by the members of that society with a handsome watch as a token of the high esteem in which he is held by the members. The President, Thos. Hickey, made the presentation speech, which was responded to by the recipient. The pleasures of the evening were added to by a banquet that followed.

Vallejo.

The following officers were elected by St. Vincent's Benevolent Society on Thursday evening of last week: Rev. Father Louis, Bursar; John Cunningham, President; William Corrigan, Vice-President; J. B. Corcoran, Secretary; Council members—John Leary, Jerry Williams, Ben Benson, Ed. Lynch, Thomas McHale and John Murphy.

Here and There

Work on the new Catholic College at Woodland, near Glympia, Wash., is shortly to be resumed, and it is hoped to have the temporary buildings ready for occupancy about September 1st. It wilf be in charge of the Benedictines, who have several monasteries in in the Central and Northwestern States,

Rev. P. D. Brady, of Old St. Mary's College Parish, who was attaked at his residence some weeks ago, is now recovering from his injuries. No trace of his assailant has yet been discovered.

A Roman correspondent writing from the Eternal City, on the 19th of December says;—Mgr. Mora, Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles leaves Rome tomorrow. He leaves for his native land, Spain, where he will stay two months and then return through overland to England, where he will take ship to America,"

BID HIM GOD SPEED.

Farewell Reception to Rev. Father McSweeney by His Parishioners.

The parishioners of St. Francis de Sales Church, Oakland, took leave of Rev. Father McSweeney, at the close of an entertainment tendered him as a farewell, in the hall on Wednesday night. Over the rear wall of the hall, was the motto, "God Speed." The stage was tastefully decorated with flowering plants, and a number of lamps with handsome vari-colored shades added a warmth to the settings.

Seated immediately in front of the stage, were, Rev. Fathers Scanlan of St. Joseph's, Heslin of St. Mary's, McNally and Lane of St. Patrick's, Phillips of Berkeley, O'Growney, J. F. Byrne, Cull and J. Kirby, in addition to the honored guest of the evening. The programme was opened by a piano duet by Misses Georgiani and Byrne, which was followed by a cornet solo by Mr. Crabtree. Owing to the illness of Miss Lucy Donavan, who was down for a recitation, Miss Rose Nolan took her place and acquitted herself admirably. A bass solo by Mr. Norton, a duet by Miss Sullivan and Mr. Fairweather, and a quartette by Misses Sullivan and Carroll, and Messrs. Fairweather and Horton, brought the first part of the exercises to a close.

Rev. Father Kirby then addressed Father McSweeney, reading a handsomely engrossed address, in which was feelingly referred to, the regrets of the parishioners at losing their pastor for a brief time, coupled with wishes for a happy voyage and a meeting with his mother in Ireland. At the conclusion of the address, Father Cull, in behalf of the Children of Mary, St. Francis de Sales Confraternity and the parishioners presented him with a check for a handsome sum.

Father McSweeney feelingly responded. He said: "Ifeel deeply grateful, yet I hardly know how to express my gratitude and thanks. From the very bottom of my heart, I thank you. I have grown older and wiser since I came among you, and if my rulings have been hard and apparently wrong I ask your pardon, but in one thing I have never made a mistake, and that is in overestimating the generosity of the people of this parish. The sorrow of parting is tempered with the joy of going home to that loved isle, of which no place is half as dear to the heart of an Irishman, as the land he was born in, and as the prospect of meeting the one loved best in all the world, his mother.' In conclusion Father McSweeney, said he felt sure everything would go on just as well during his absence as it had before. At the end of his brief remarks, all present advanced, shook his hand, and bid him a further God speed.

Father McSweeney will leave this afternoon by the steamer Arawa for Honolulu, and then will go by way of Samoa, Australia and the Indies to Ireland. He hopes to be in All Hallows on the 24th of June, when in conjunction with the two other of his class mates who were ordained the same day, they will celebrate a solemn high mass, in honor of the twentieth anniversary of their ordination.

Replies to Questions.

Experience in every part of the Catholic world, where there is a Catholic press, proves that it is an admirable vent peg to admit critical correspondence from the faithful as well as to allow questions to be asked. We have felt the need of this. and have permitted it to be done in our past issues. We will continue what so introduced. All such communications must have the signature and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but for assurance of good faith. All must be within the restriction imposed by a Catholic spirit and good manners.

1. What is meant by a Bishop's ad limina visit to Rome, so often mentioned in the newapapers?—ENQUIRER.

ANSWER.—As the Pope is the Head of the Church, and the source of all jurisdiction or authority in things spiritual, as well as Pastor of both the Sheep and the Lambs of Christ's Fold, Bishops as Pastors of dioceses, do at regular intervals go to the Apostolic See, do homage to the Holy Father and render an account of the spiritual state of their dioceses. This is what is meant by a visit ad limina Apostololorum—to the threshold of the Apostles.

2. We cannot publish Child of Mary's extract. Suffice it to say the Blessed Virgi n, though born of parents like all other of the children of men she by a singular gift of God and in view of Christ's future merits was prevented from being stained by orignal sin inherited from our first parents. All this was fully explained in our issue of December 8th last. We can hardly imagine a passage so scandalous appeared in a Catholic paper.

Watches Given Away.

Here is a chance for bright boys and girls to secure a handsome nickle, sivver or gold watch by the expenditure of a little time and energy and a visit to a few friends.

The publisher of the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC has made arrangements with a wholesale jewelry house of this city for a large supply of watches—good time-keepers and of pretty design. These we propose to distribute in a manner which will bring them within the reach of everyone.

Special blanks have been provided by which intending subscribers pay to the boy or girl canvasser 25 cents, and agree to pay 50 cents more any time at the subscriber's convenience within the six months, for a subscription covering that length of time. On receipt of the name, accompanied by 25 cents, the paper will be forwarded every week, and the publisher will wait for the balance.

As soon as ten names are secured and $2.50 paid at the office, the boy or girl canvasser will be entitled to an elegant nickle watch, suitable in size or either sex.

For twenty-five names, accompanied by $6.25, a beautiful silver watch, with cases handsomely embossed, will be presented to the successfuj canvasser.

And if that is not enough, for fifty subscribers, when accompanied by $12.50, a gem of a time-piece, with gold cases and best American works, will be given to the laborer.

For single snbscricers for six months, when accompanied by the 75 cents necessary to pay for a six months' subscription, we will present a handsome illustrated, gilt-bound prayer-book of 190 pages, containing prayers at Mass and at Vespers, instructions for confession and Communion, etc., a most complete and useful little book. We have also on hand an assortment of pictures, 13x16 inches in size, comprising such subjects as the Sacred Heart of Jesus or Mary, St. Joseph, St. Anthony, Immaculate Conception, etc. These are also offered on the same terms as the prayer book and will be given until the present supply is exhausted.

At Sutro Heights.

The old bell which hung for so many years in the steeple of the church at Sonoma, now reposes on Sutro Heights. Some time ago, during the pastorate of Rev. Father Brennan, a fine Blymyer bell was ordered from the local agent, James Linforth, and the mission bell, green with the stains of years, was sent to this city.

For a long time it stood on the sidewalk, awaiting a purchaser, its quaint shape attracting much attention. Finally Mayor Sutro sent his librarian, Mr. Morse, to purchase the bell, and it was removed to Sutro Heights. The bell was given to the Sonoma mission in 1829 by Gen. M. G. Vallejo, and bears an inscription reciting the fact.

As a relic of the last mission founded in California, the bell is of historic value.

New to Her.

Miss Pinkerly—That's an awfully pretty pair of trousers you have on, Mr. Tutter.

Young Tutter—Yes, Miss Clara, and they are my lucky ones too. I never called on a girl in my life with these trousers on that I didn't kiss her before the evening was over.

Miss Pinkerly—I thought I had never seen them before.—Clothier and Furnisher.

An Even Thing.

First Despondent—Say, you ain't going to jump in the river, are you?

Second Despondent—Yes, I am.

"Well, that's what I came here to do also. What's your complaint?"

"I had 13 poems rejected by one editor."

"And I had one poem rejected by 13 editors. Join me." They plunge.—Exchange.

When Most Needed.

Jack Gayboy—I wouldn't live in the seventh flat anyway, my dear.

Mrs. Gayboy—But what difference does it make? There's an elevator in the house.

Jack Gayboy—That's all right, but the agent says it doesn't run after 1 o'clock, the very time a man needs it the worst!—Life.

Bit of Ancient History.

"That is an enormous pyramid you are building," observed a royal visitor at Egypt's court, "but it seems a purposeless kind of structure. What is it for?"

"When the top stone is laid," replied King Cheops guardedly, "you will see the point."—Chicago Tribune.

Hauteur.

"Are you used to serving roast beef rare?" said the lady who was endeavoring to learn whether she suited the new cook.

"No, ma'am," was the loftily spoken reply. "Up to me prisint imploymint Oi've been used to serving it frequent."—Washington Star.

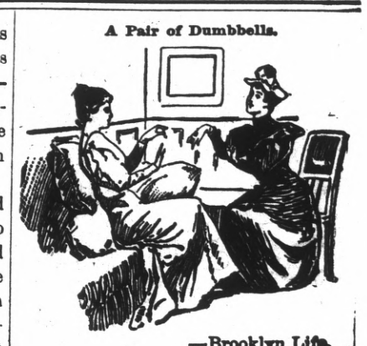
His Last Call.

Briggs—I called on Miss Cheltenham the other night and wore her father's hat away by mistake.

Griggs—Well, you'll have to call there again and take it back.

Briggs—Not much. It was a better hat than mine.—Clothier and Furnisher.

A Pair of Dumbbells.



—Brooklyn Life.

Pure Beeswax Candles for Candlemas Day at Sbarboro & Co.'s, 531 Washington st. *

A fresh supply of Maps of Ireland arrived this morning and will be at once forwarded to subscribers who have ordered them.

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Dividend Notices.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—THE German Savings and Loan Society, 526 California st,—For the half year ending December 31, 1894, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five (5) per cent per annum on term deposits and four and one-sixth (4 1-6) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, payable on and after WEDNESDAY, January 2, 1895.

GEO. TOURNY, Sec.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE California Catholic

SAVED BY FASHION.

LIFE AND LIMB PROTECTED BY THE FADS OF STYLE.

Tall Collars, High Heels and Turned Up Trousers as Life Savers—A Man Held Back From a Watery Grave by His Chimney Pot Hat.

Our dress has often been ridiculed for its want of beauty. We are told there is nothing artistic and in many cases little pertaining to comfort in nineteenth century garments.

The habiliment of some of our continental neighbors is far superior, both in elegance and usefulness, to our own, so it is said, but we do not question this statement, as it is not our present duty to pick out the drawbacks of a dress that has satisfied us so long.

Ugly as is our customary mode, it has more than once been the means of saving the life of the wearer or been instrumental in preventing accidents which might have proved serious or fatal.

A gentleman wearing a collar of extreme height and rigidity while reposing idly on a heathery moorland fell into a dose, but roused himself to find something moving about his neck, and was just prevented putting his hand on the place by a companion, who at that moment glanced up from his paper.

The troublesome visitor was a large adder, which, coiling its slimy body round the gentleman's throat, would probably have bitten him severely but for the unusual height of the linen band that has been a favorite point of attack of the dress reformers for an inconceivable period.

By an adroit movement the friend caught the reptile behind the head, thus preventing injury to his hand. The collar, however, was impaired in the momentary struggle, and an ugly stain was pointed out as the deadly ejection of the poisonous fangs.

High heels—those peglike elevations which we are induced to believe have caused untold misery to the feet of women of fashion—have at least one good service to their credit—in saving the life of a fair mountaineer.

This foolish person essayed the climbing of precipitous cliffs in French kid boots, with heels of the peculiar bell shape once so fashionable, and on the present occasion it was well that she did not wander far from her companions.

Her activity, despite the unsuitability of her leathern elevations for mountaineering, was irrepressible, and venturing too near the edge of a jutting rock she slipped, and her frightened companions expected to see her dashed to atoms on the ledges below.

But, no! The high heel which had occasioned her fall became entangled in the thick brier branches and was sufficiently strong to support the venturesome woman for the few moments until her friends could obtain a firm grip of her limbs and restore her safely to the mountain path.

When examined, the shoe was found to be nearly dismembered—the heel hanging by a few rivets only. An ordinary mountain boot, with a flat, square heel, would have offered no angle of support for the briers, and under other than the present circumstances the climber would certainly have met with a terrible death.

An incident somewhat similar, but of not so dangerous a character, has been reported of a young fashionable, who had occasion to ride on the outside of an omnibus through a crowded thoroughfare.

Leaning over the rails, he overbalanced himself and would have been thrown in the midst of the traffic but for the reason that the bottoms of his trousers were turned up in that unreasonable style once more prevalent than at present with the exquisites of fashion.

The turned up hem was slung on the edge of the rail, while the scared youth dangled, with frantic arms sprawling, over the windows, with a face as red as a beet root.

A fellow passenger released him from above, and he was permitted to drop into the arms of the conductor. A fall from such an elevation would have meant a dislocated shoulder or a broken leg at least.

What romance or history can be connected with the ugly chimney pot hat? Yet quite lately one of these inartistic creations saved the life of a venturesome gentleman. Strolling beyond high water mark, he suddenly discovered himself caught by the tide, and being hemmed in by beetling, inaccessible rocks all means of escape seemed cut off.

The water rushed in, and the terrified gentleman was taken off his feet, with not a boat in sight to render him deliverance nor a person to hear his distressed cries. Unable to swim, he would soon have been drowned but for a little occurrence which proved his salvation.

During his struggle the silk hat he wore was washed off his head, and the man clutching at it as the only attainable object was surprised to find that it buoyed him up.

His arms were clasped, encircling the brim, while the top of the hat, partly submerged, resisted the water. By maintaining this position he was enabled to keep himself afloat for nearly 15 minutes, at the end of which time a boat rounded the cliffs. The boatman, observing him, quickly rescued him from an inevitable fate.—London Tit-Bits.

His Lessons.

"I am trying to learn to ride a bicycle," remarked an elderly bachelor who walked somewhat stiffly, to a friend whom he encountered on the street. "I'm just going home from my lesson now. I've had more tumbles than usual this afternoon, and that's saying a good deal."

"How long are your lessons?" inquired the friend.

"Half an hour," responded the bicyclist with a rueful countenance—"35 minutes on the floor and five in the air is my usual proportion!"—Philadelphia Times.

UNCONSCIOUS MONOLOGISTS.

They Are Victims of the Difficulty of Hearing Oneself Think In Gotham.

"I cannot say whether I shall make any detailed and professional use of my observations," said a neurologist, "but I do not mind telling you in a general way that New Yorkers are fast becoming a race of unconscious monologists—that is, of talkers to themselves without knowing it. Go down into the business quarter of the city and just watch the people there. I have not got my percentages together yet, but it is safe to say roundly that you will see nearly half the people exhibiting some of the forms of the disease, for of course it is a disease. They are either moving their lips, wagging their heads, puckering their eyebrows, making gestures with their hands or doing something, while in a great number of cases they are busy carrying on imaginary conversations between themselves and somebody else, laying down the laws with much emphasis, reading the riot act to some one or else meeting imaginary issues with circumstantial replies.

"You will see men doing the same thing in hotel lobbies, in the street cars and on the up town thoroughfares. Women are falling into the habit also, but not so much as men. The other day, while I was waiting for my coupe, I sat at the office window, and I declare that out of the 75 people who passed eight were showing some signs of monologania.

"Of course the primal cause of the disease is that we never allow our minds any period of repose. We are so eternally full of plans and schemes that anything like a quiescent mood is unknown, and that condition of morbid mental activity supervenes, which in turn is followed by a distinct weakening of the censory cells, of which condition self communication is always one of the symptoms.

"At the same time it must not be overlooked that undoubtedly much of the habit is due to the fact that this city is so thundering full of noise that one cannot hear oneself think, and so people have to think aloud."—New York Sun.

A Man of Prudence.

The cowboy was sitting in a chair tilted back against the shady side of the saloon taking it easy when one of his friends came by.

"Hello, Dick!" he said. "What's this story about the barkeep over the way callin you a liar yisterday and bullyraggin you around fer an hour er more?"

"That's what he done," admitted Dick boldly.

"What did you let him do it fer?"

"I had my reasons."

" 'Fraid of him?"

Dick jumped up.

"Hold on there, pard," he said. "You ain't in the same fix that the barkeep was, and it ain't safe."

"Don't you worry about me. What about the barkeep?"

"Well, it was this way," explained Dick. "The barkeep was negotiatin fer a policy on his life fer $10,000 in favor of his widder. The business wasn't settled till this mornin. Now it's in workin order, an I'm goin over after awhile and give him a chance to bullyrag me some more. Then I'll go round and have a little talk with the widder. You must think I'm a chump that can't see past the end of my nose."—Detroit Free Press.

A Good Suit of Clothes.

A Barnesville lawyer appeared before his friends in a new and costly suit of clothes recently. When he named the price, a bystander exclaimed:

"Whew! I haven't had that much cash in a month of Sundays."

"Cash!" exclaimed the lawyer. "Why, I got it on credit, and I shan't lose any sleep if I never pay for it. I think turn about's fair play, and the other fellow can afford to do without it." And, lifting himself to his full height and buttoning his coat across his chest, he continued: "No, gentlemen, I never intend to wear a shabby suit. A man just can't afford to do it. Nobody has any respect for shabbiness. Why, I couldn't gain a case if I wore shabby clothes if I had the eloquence of a Demosthenes or Cicero, not if all the law and the prophets were on my side. A jury just wouldn't respect me enough to listen to me, and the judge himself would give his decision according to my outward appearance. No, sir, a man can't afford to wear shabby clothes."—Atlanta Constitution.

Dog Is Not Bad Eating.

There is actually nothing in the flesh of the dog that is distasteful or repulsive. Lewis and Clark, the explorers, who learned to eat it through compulsion, actually became fond of it in time. It is not generally known that it is still a favorite article of diet among certain people, but a French paper says that the number of dogs slaughtered at the abattoirs in Munich has increased amazingly in the past few months. The taste for dog flesh is said to have been imported by Italian laborers, who have recently come in large numbers to the Bavarian capital. The meat is used not only as an adulterant for sausages, but is eaten openly, under its own name, prepared in various ways.—Christian Advocate.

Soothing.

Doctor—Your husband, madam, is suffering from nervous prostration.

Madam—Yes, sir.

Doctor—And he needs something to quiet him. What is his business?

Madam—He is a waiter, sir.

Doctor—Well, slip a few pence into his hand every two hours during the night, and I'll call again in the morning. Good day.—London Tit-Bits.

The battle of Wartburg is no deadly conflict, but an annual singing contest for a prize founded by Hermann, margrave of Wartburg, in the twelfth century.

The Mississquoi, in Vermont, took its name from the abundance of waterfowl. The word means "many ducks."

CUPID IN CHURCH CHOIRS.

Affinities Are Speedily Discovered There, and Matrimony Soon Results.

A man who sings tenor in a church on Michigan avenue said the other day he knew of at least a half dozen serious affairs of the heart in progress in as many choirs on the South Side.

"I believe," he added, "that if statistics were obtainable on the subject it would be found that of single people who join church choirs a larger proportion get married within a year than among an equal number of young people that might be selected anywhere else. A possible exception might be made of the operatic stage. Singing, even if it is about things celestial, sets the deepest of all earthly emotions going, and the hearts chord with each other just as voices do.

"If the singer doesn't discover an affinity in a fellow singer, it is pretty apt to be found in the congregation. If a woman has a sweet voice, a face to match and a figure to go with the other two attractions, she has the best possible opportunity for displaying them. The same principle applies to a handsome man.

"Sometimes there are sharp rivalries, of course, which result in musical duels between, say, the tenor and the basso, both of whom are smitten by the charms of some lady member of the choir. I don't know, however, that there has ever in real life come a tragedy out of such a set of conditions as we are told happened in the case of 'lovely Anna, the soprano,' who 'all the singers' hearts inspired.' The tenor, you know, went so high that he blew the top of his head off, and the basso sang so low he split the soles of both his feet. Anna mourned awhile for both these fellows—

"Then she wed the
Man who fed the
Wind into the
Organ bellows."

—Chicago Tribune.

EACH GIRL WORE COURT PLASTER.

And So the Youth Couldn't Tell Which Came Into His Room.

The young man who thinks he is going to come out ahead in any joke in which a girl of ordinary sharpness is involved is sure to find his mistake. It happened some time ago in a certain college that the dormitories of both the young lady and gentlemen students opened into the same hall.

One evening near midnight one of the girls, who had slipped out of her room to enjoy a secret chat with one of the other girls, was hurrying to her room, and in the dark mistook the room, entering the room of one of the boys by mistake. He was standing by the gas jet, having just turned out the light, and when she had found the match which she carried in her pocket and started to light the gas she stumbled against him. Of course she screamed and started for the door, but he was too quick for her, and holding her a moment actually bit her cheek in order that he might identify the young lady when next they met.

Of course her wrath knew no bounds, and when she finally reached her room she called an indignation meeting of the other girls and explained what the horrid fellow had presumed to do. She could never face him again and was not going to chapel in the morning. But then of course he would know who she was, and she appealed to the girls to help her out of the difficulty. They did.

The next morning when the girl students filed past the boys at devotional exercises in the chapel one wicked youth looked over the top of his testament only to see a procession of 12 girls, each having a long strip of black court plaster on her left cheek. He has never yet discovered which girl he bit.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

The Kangaroo at Bay.

When pursued, the kangaroo, if possible, directs his flight toward the river. If he reaches it, he enters, and, thanks to his great height, is able to go on foot to a depth where the dogs are obliged to swim. There he plants himself on his two hind legs and his tail, and, up to his shoulders in the water, he awaits the attack of the dogs. With his fore paws he seizes by the head the first dog that approaches him, and as he is more solidly balanced than his assailants he holds the dog's nose under water as long as he can. Unless a second dog speedily comes to the rescue the first one is sure to be drowned. If a companion arrives and by his attacks on the kangaroo manages to set the captive free, the half drowned brute is glad to regain the shore as quickly as possible. In this way a strong and courageous male kangaroo will hold his own against 20 or 30 dogs, drowning some and frightening others, and the hunter is obliged to intervene with a bullet.—Exchange.

Satisfaction.

Biquon, the Paris restaurateur, acquired a large fortune, and his wife carried on the business after his death. It is of this time that the story is told of a poor journalist who was seen in the restaurant eating a small plate of strawberries at a season when the fruit was so expensive as to be an extravagance even for the rich. An acquaintance saw the wretched penny a liner and smiled significantly. "Yes," said the journalist, "I know I shall have to pay 10 francs for these, but the sight of that woman at the counter, who is worth two millions, picking over strawberries for me, who haven't got 3 louis in the world, gives me such an amount of satisfaction that the berries are worth it."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Crystallized Grasses.

Grasses may be crystallized as follows: Place a saucepan partly filled with water on the stove, and in it dissolve enough alum to make it of sufficient density to bear an egg; let this boil. Take off the saucepan and lay your grasses (dried and tied in bunches to suit the fancy) in the water. When the water is perfectly cold, lift out the bouquets, and you will find them a mass of beautiful crystal.—Kansas City Star.

THE OLD POLICEMAN.

He Knew How to Use Electricity as a Means of Personal Comfort.

Policemen may be an illiterate lot, but they do every now and then contrive some method to get ahead of the ironclad rules which are popularly supposed by the long suffering taxpayer at least to govern their movements.

There is one particular bluecoat who, by virtue of his long service, carries three faded stripes on his coat sleeve, and he honestly believes that he is entitled to some incidental favors. Taken altogether, he is of such a naturally grumpy disposition that he is far from being popular among the police operators.

Notwithstanding all this, Mr. Brass Buttons beat the combination and beat it pretty thoroughly. He had been rather behind time in his hourly communications with headquarters, and his superiors determined to teach him a lesson. Accordingly he was sent to travel a lonely, isolated post, which had a solitary patrol box situated just alongside a deserted hut that had once been utilized as a toolhouse by a railroad corporation. It didn't require many hours' presence on the part of the disciplined copper for him to discover that he had been given the best of the deal in this particular transfer, and he immediately set about arranging a scheme whereby he could benefit by his newly acquired advantages.

The much craved boon that he sought was light naps. He had long ago tried the plan of an alarm clock set to go off a few minutes before pulling time, but tired nature had in each instance asserted itself, and his station had failed to hear from him. Now conditions were different, for he had found just what he needed to carry out the clever ruse he had concocted. Running alongside the deserted shanty were two electric light wires fully charged with a current of electricity, and to these the valiant watchdog pinned his faith.

First he once more produced his long ago discarded alarm clock after removing the gong from the top. Next he broke away the glass face, and after making sure that the clock was on time with his watch he made a connection with the electric light wires by means of two small pieces of copper wire. One of these he wound around the minute hand of the clock, and the other he firmly fastened to the framework of the timepiece just over the figures that indicated his hour for pulling up. Then to one of the wires he fastened two more pieces of copper, which he wound about either of his hands. This done, the wily policeman stretched himself out on the floor and enjoyed the desired nap, safe in the knowledge that at the proper moment the meeting of the two wires on the clock would convey to him a shock that was bound to waken him, so he could salute his station through the patrol box.—Chicago Times.

A Dramatist's Rejoinder.

When Colman, the English dramatist, was examined before the committee of the house of commons which sat on the theatrical question, he was asked whether he expunged all oaths or profane swearing from the plays submitted to his revision. He answered:

"Invariably."

"Did you ever count the number of oaths in your own comedies of the 'Heir at Law' and 'John Bull?' "

"Never, but I dare say there are a great many."

"Which you disapprove of?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Do you not think it would have been better to have omitted them?"

"Much better. They disfigure the scenes in which they are introduced and injure the humor."

"Then," concluded the chairman, thinking to clinch the argument, "you are sorry now that you wrote either of those comedies?"

"Quite the contrary," rejoined the licenser. "I rejoice exceedingly to have made a good pudding, although I regret that any bad plums should have crept into it."—New York Advertiser.

Pens and Ink.

The late Dr. Holmes, like Goethe, says Mr. Smalley in the New York Tribune, "dwelt on the importance of stationery and of a good pen and good ink to the writer, especially the imaginative writer. Between him and the due expression of his thought in black and white there ought to be as few obstacles as possible, no friction that can be avoided. Many a fine thought he declared had perished ere it was fairly born, strangled in the birth by a hair on the nib of the pen or choked out of life by muddy ink. His paper was ruled and glazed; his ink a thin black, not blue black, as is much of the best writing fluid in this country. He had written I know not how many books with the same pen. And he looked at the pen as if it were a part of himself."

Justice Holt and His Wife.

The English Chief Justice Holt and his wife hated each other, and when she fell dangerously ill he was so delighted that be became disgracefully tipsy. But his wife was equal to the emergency and sent for the great Dr. Radcliffe, who hated Holt, and therefore out of spite; when the case was presented to him, came with great promptness and saved her life.

His Geological Nose.

In the life of the late Dean Buckland it is related that one time "he and a friend, riding toward London on a very dark night, lost their way. Buckland therefore dismounted, and, taking up a handful of earth, smelled it. 'Uxbridge!' he exclaimed, his geological nose telling him the exact locality."

William Lilly, the noted astrologer, could foretell the fortunes of other people, but not his own. He married a woman whom he himself declared to be "of the temper of Mars." She left him, and she and her relatives instituted suit against him, costing him, as he relates with tears, almost £1,000.

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LIGHT FROM PLANTS.

ONCE BELIEVED TO BE PURE FANCY, BUT NOW KNOWN AS REAL.

Trees and Bushes Which Produce Wonderful Luminous Effects—Some Experiences of Naturalists In Different Parts of the World.

One of the early naturalists, Mme. Merian, I think, describes an extraordinary spectacle which she observed in Asia. Her party was moving through a forest at night when without warning a large light appeared. At first dim, it increased in size, growing larger and larger until finally a tree was outlined in a soft pulsating light.

The natives were demoralized and refused to approach it, saying it was the sacred tree of fire. But the naturalist had little faith in trees of fire and investigated it, finding that the light was due to certain insects, which, by the way, has never been observed since.

That a tree or plant could give light was deemed a figure of the imagination, yet today it is known that light giving plants are not uncommon and among the most striking and remarkable of natural phenomena. Once in returning from a day's hunt through a deep forest in the heart of the Adirondack region I stumbled against a dead limb of a tree, when to my amazement I was at once surrounded by a silvery light that flew in all directions, like darts and arrows of fire, each piece burning where it lay. This was an unusually brilliant display of the best known of luminous plants, the "fox fire," or "witches' glow" of childhood days.

To the layman it is often mysterious, as investigation shows nothing but the decayed wood, and sometimes a soft, pulpy mass. The botanist will soon point out the light giver in the mycelium of some fungus that has permeated the old branch and fairly taken possession of it, converting it into a glorious spectacle when disturbed. The vividness of the light may be estimated when it is known that print can often be read by it, and the light of some has been known to penetrate through several thicknesses of paper.

Singular to say, the smallest plant is often the means of producing the greatest luminous effects. This is the diatom, which the naturalists of the Challenger found floating in the ocean in vast numbers, and as the nucleus of the diatom is often brilliantly phosphorescent some of the most remarkable displays of light observed by the naturalists were occasioned by these little plants. But what shall we say to a sight observed by a Norwegian bark in the bay of Funchal? The waters here are fairly alive with these little luminous plants the year round, and on the occasion referred to a waterspout formed among them. During the day it would have attracted little attention, as the phenomenon is a common one, but the crew of the ship were suddenly confronted at night by a literal pillar of fire or light that extended upward to a distance seemingly of 1,000 feet and moved along with a decided bend.

It emitted a pale yellow light that stood out in strong relief against the black night, a weird and formidable spectacle, rushing on before the wind.

An English naturalist, wishing to astonish some natives in a wild part of Asia in which he was traveling and impress them with his supernatural powers, secured a certain vine known as Euphorbia phosphorea, and rubbing it upon a big rock caused the latter to gleam with flame and present so remarkable a spectacle that the natives ran, believing that he had set the rock afire by simply touching it. The naturalist was aware that the milky juice of this plant, that resembled the dandelion, was brilliantly phosphorescent.

In the Harz mountains there has been for ages a cave known as the haunted cavern. An Englishman, traveling in the vicinity and hearing of it, determined to investigate the mystery. After a long climb he reached the cave. No sooner did complete darkness set in than the phantom of the cave appeared—a remarkable semblance to a human form, with arms outspread, outlined against the gloom. Making his way to the figure that had alarmed so many wayfarers, he found that it was a plant that grew upon the wall. It was the well known phosphorescent fungus, Rhizomospha subterranea, frequently found in caves and familiar to miners. Its light is often so vivid that people have read by it.

These curious lights are not found in the tropics alone. Some years ago Mr. Morrell, editor of the Gardiner (Me.) Journal, wrote me that he had observed a brilliant steady light in his garden at times, totally unaccounted for by mechanical contrivance, and which, upon investigation, proved to be the phosphorescent light emitted by the young of the plant Tianus stydticus.

Perhaps the most startling exhibition was observed several years ago by an English traveler in Borneo. Belated, he was overtaken by night, and there being no moon he was fearful of losing his way, when, as the darkness came on, singular lights appeared here and there in the bushes and by the roadside. Some were yellow; others burned, or seemed to, with a bright greenish hue. As it grew darker the blaze of light increased, and finally the traveler was amazed to find that he was passing through lines of luminous bush which emitted light so brilliant that he could read by it.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Pompous Vizier.

"I recall the story of a sultan," said Dean Hole, "who had a very pompous vizier, and desiring to rid himself of the vizier sold him in open market for a slave. The market was not brisk that day, and the vizier brought only eightpence. The sultan bought him in at this price, and thereafter whenever the vizier became pompous the sultan had only to mention 'eightpence,' or draw the figure '8' in the air, when the pompous minister immediately subsided."

LIVING A LA JAPONAISE.

Simple and Delightful and Very Cheap Is the Housekeeping In Japan.

I do not know of anything simpler and more delightful than housekeeping in Japan—if you live a la Japonaise. I myself determined to try it, and having found a suitable spot to settle in, on the highest hill in Tokyo, I proceeded to engage a native servant, who was also to be my adviser as to how to furnish my establishment in strictly Japanese fashion. The furnishing was completed in less than ten minutes, and here are some of the principal items of which it consisted: Two foutangs, or thin mattresses, between which one lies at night, and a makura, a wooden pillow, or rather an instrument of torture for the first few nights, furnished my bedroom; a hibachi, or brass brazier, with chopsticks to stir the fire with, and a water kettle made the hall cozy, and a little lacquer table, a foot square and about 6 inches high, with a couple of tiny little plates and a bowl, made the dining room quite complete and replete with every comfort. Two silk cushions were placed in the sitting room for distinguished guests to sit on.

"Ah," said I to my servant, "but do you not think that I shall need something more?" as to my European mind what I had purchased seemed somewhat insufficient to furnish a 12 roomed house.

"No, sir," said he in his broken English, "real Japan gentleman has no furniture." Upon which I began to feel rather sorry to have emulated the "Japan gentleman." Still I thought I would go on for the fun of the thing, and, though I must confess as I went round my new abode my rooms did not look overfurnished, I decided to make the best of what I had got. It is astonishing with how little one can do if one tries and how much better penury is than profusion. When a couple of days had elapsed, I almost began to feel that I had furnished my house too richly! I could certainly have done with a deal less.—Fortnightly Review.

THE WIFE OF MASCAGNI.

Story of the Origin of the Famous Opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana."

All the world now knows the story of "Cavalleria Rusticana"—how it was submitted to a musical friend, who promptly pronounced it "rubbish;" how Mascagni despondently entered it in the competition for the prize of 2,000 francs ($400) offered by the musical publishers of Milan; how he accepted the prize as a windfall beyond the wildest hopes of a man who, with wife and two children, was existing on 2½ francs a day, writes Olive May Eager in an interesting sketch of the wife of the famous Italian composer in The Ladies' Home Journal.

The subsequent furore in Rome was a revelation, and in answer to a telegram he hurried to the capital in his usual negligee—in fact, his only dress—the clumsy handiwork of a village tailor. Apparently a simple, countrified young fellow, he appeared on the stage before that immense and enthusiastic audience, which cheered him all the more that he was awkward, bewildered, even stupefied, at the reception. The transition was too great, and he felt his brain reel. Sympathizing, admiring faces crowded about him, but something of his everyday life, something more restful, he must have, and that speedily. Rushing home after the performance, he telegraphed for his wife, and also dispatched an incoherent letter imploring her to pick up the children and come to his aid without delay.

She came at once—a plain, quiet body, who, during those tedious years of seclusion and hardship, had deteriorated in appearance and had lost the worldly veneering of her younger days, but nevertheless a true hearted helpmeet for an agitated, fame stricken man. That night she sat in a private box, listening to the wonderful strains and still more wonderful enthusiasm, weeping tears of joy throughout the performance and clapping wildly with the rest upon the appearance of the new genius.

Not Today.

An English lady, traveling in New Zealand, waxes enthusiastic over the beauties of the country, especially in its mountainous parts. She tells a funny little story about the sharp witted driver of the public coach in which she made some of her expeditions.

At one point, where the steep road overhangs the river, Davis, the driver, always took the opportunity to lighten the load for his horses.

"Gentlemen," he would say in an insinuating tone, "the Prince of Wales always gets out and walks here."

It is to be presumed that he had usually found his "fares" quite ready to follow in the footsteps of so distinguished a predecessor, but one day a man, who had already heard the speech more than once, stole a march upon the wily Davis. The ground was wet, and the passenger was not in a mood for climbing, so as they approached the spot he anticipated the driver's hint by remarking:

"Davis, the Prince of Wales isn't going to walk today."—Youth's Companion.

The Sea Anemone.

The sea anemone resembles in shape a morning glory. Its mouth opens like the cup of that flower, and above it are seen a number of tentacles waving in the water. Its food consists of anything it can get, but generally it gets the minute insects that float in the sea. At any alarm it closes its cup and is then hardly distinguishable from the rock on which it is rooted. It has a set of sucker muscles that attach it so firmly to the rock that it will sometimes be torn in pieces rather than let go.

Using the Water.

Governess—I gave you a glass of water to wet your sponge in.

Little Boy—I'm using it.

"But you are spitting on the sponge."

"Yes'm. I drank the water so's to have it handy."—Good News.

HINDOO PROVERBS.

Bits of East Indian Philosophy Expressed In Pungent Epigrams.

A cluster of sarcastic Indian proverbs is given in the columns of the Madras Mail. However patient the common people of India may be, they give in their proverbs expression to their feelings and indulge freely in satire at the expense of those who trouble them. That the powerful should oppress the weak is no new thing in the history of any land, and in India it is expressed by the proverb, "Big fish eat little ones." A "Jack in office" suddenly raised to power, which he uses unwisely, is spoken of as "A water carrier reigns for two days and a half." The boaster who has failed in his plans is directed to "rub the arms of your brethren," a proverb the meaning of which does not appear on the surface. It refers to the custom of rubbing the arms of successful wrestlers as a mode of congratulation on the victory gained. The proud boaster is thus ironically told to congratulate others, not himself. The official who takes bribes is said to "wear silver spectacles." The miserly and mean are held in great contempt, and the proverbs regarding them are numerous. "Come to your funeral pyre; wood is cheap," is a satire on the man who fears to spend all that is needed on the necessaries of life.

A woman who is ready to quarrel, as the village woman of the lower orders too frequently is, finds herself rebuked in, "She quarrels with the passing breeze." The woman retorts by speaking of a quarrelsome husband as "better out than at home," and of the henpecked husband she says he is "a woman's kingdom." Affected politeness is described by, "During ceremonial observances the train went off." Two persons were going by train. One said to the other, "Sir, pray enter." "After you, sir." "No, you be pleased to go first." And away went the train and left the overpolite friend behind. When politeness passes into obsequiousness, it is said, "The mouth is not sweetened by saying 'sweetmeats.'" Housekeepers in England are familiar with the cat as a scapegoat. The monkey in India takes the place of the cat, and to the man who tries to conceal his fault it is said, "Accidents in the stable are laid on the monkey's head." "The Indian crow is proverbial for its cunning, which gives rise to the proverb, "This scheme will scare crows," and refers to the clever plans of a cunning man, able to outwit a crow. "A tongue under a tongue" fitly expresses the double tongued or false man.

A "DON'T" FOR BRUSH BOYS.

The Tailor Tells How the Coat Collar Is Quickly Ruined.

The most difficult thing to fit on a man is a coat collar, and it is the easiest thing to get out of shape, except perhaps the knees of the trousers. A tailor molds and shapes a collar with his hands and hot goose to conform with the measurements he has taken of the shape of an individual's shoulders, and it does not take a great deal of ill usage to destroy his work.

"The worst enemy a coat collar has," said the tailor, "is the colored boy who brushes your clothes in the barber shop, hotel or sleeping car. When he helps you on with your overcoat, he reaches under for your coattails, grasps the overcoat collar with the other hand and gives your undercoat two or three smart jerks, which pulls the collar down and away from the neck and bunches it on the shoulders, and the overcoat finishes the work of destroying its shape. This should never be allowed under any consideration.

"The proper way to keep the coat collar in place is to shrug your shoulders forward after you have put the coat on. The collar will then fall into place on your neck; the cloth will adjust itself to the shape of your shoulders and stay there. Don't pull the collar about, and don't, above all, allow the brush boy to pull your coat out of shape under the pretense of getting your overcoat on your shoulders."

Brush boys will please note.—Kansas City Star.

The Season of Suicides.

Spring is the season for suicides as well as for sales. People prefer for this purpose, as statistics show, day to night and Monday, Tuesday or Wednesday to Saturday and Sunday.

In a word, suicides prefer the early part of the week, month and year. It would follow seeemingly that anybody with a melancholic friend should look after him carefully on the first Monday in May.

Men kill themselves two, three or four times more often than women, except in Spain. Women generally "do it beautifully," men crudely.

Saxony is the most suicidal country in Europe, and the least so is—the "unhappy counthry!" Ireland's rate is 24 per 1,000,000 to Saxony's 469.—Westminster Gazette.

The Pope's Choir.

The finest choir in the world is that of St. Peter's, in Rome, known as the pope's choir. There is not a female voice in it, and yet the most difficult oratorios and sacred music are rendered in such a manner as to make one think that Adelina Patti is leading. The choir is composed of 60 boys. They are trained for the work from the time they get control of their vocal cords, and some of the best singers are not over 9 years old. At the age of 17 they are dropped from the choir.—Rome Letter.

The battle of the Emperors was fought at Austerlitz, 1805. The emperors present were Napoleon, Francis of Austria and Alexander of Russia. Over 170,000 men were actually engaged in the battle, and of this number 23,000 were killed or wounded, or 13 per cent of the whole.

Albert Durer's wife was stingy and kept him at work day and night for fear they would starve. His biography says, "She tormented him until he dried up like a bundle of straw."

DOCKING HIS TAIL.

MAKING NOBBY CARRIAGE HORSES BY THE NEW OPERATION.

How the Job Is Done by One of the Professional Farriers—A Sharp Knife and a Redhot Iron—Keeping a Sharp Lookout For S. P. C. A. Spotters.

Horses' tails are now docked in a new and, it is claimed, a more humane way. The work is done by specialists, who call at the stables to perform the operation. Like dentists, who dull the pains of teeth extracting by seating the victims on luxurious plush chairs, modern farriers try to make their patients comfortable during the tail clipping. Still, despite these well meant efforts, docking is painful. But stablemen all say it is not as painful as tooth pulling.

In the present case a farrier was summoned to perform the operation. He arrived at the stable, carrying his outfit in a canvas bag, like a sailor's kit. After asking the coachman if the people present were "all right," the farrier carefully bolted and locked the doors and windows opening into the street and the back yard.

"Excuse me, gents," said the farrier briskly as he fastened the last window, "but I have to be on my guard. Only last week a bloke jumped me over a back fence, and that cost me $100, that did."

One of the back windows was left open from the top, although the shutters were closed, so that the draft would carry off the fumes of a small charcoal furnace, such as plumbers use, that the farrier started up. This was to bring the cauterizing irons to a white heat.

The horse was then led into an end stall and fastened by an ordinary headstall to the manger, which was filled with oats. A piece of stout canvas, supported by a wooden framework previously built up in the stall, was swung under the horse's body. On one side this canvas hammock was secured by immovable fastenings, but on the other side the fastening ropes were tied to pulleys, so the horse could be raised up in the hammock.

Some stout wooden rails were built up to make a fence behind and almost touching his hind legs. The tail was laid across the top rail and a strap put over it. The hammock was then raised up until the horse was almost on his toe tips. Trussed in this way the horse could not kick or move his body or tail.

Now the actual operation began. The coachman tied a stout string around the tail at the place the incision was to be made and gathered up the long strands of hair that fell over it into a coil and fastened it back with a string, so as to expose the skin of the tail vertebræ. He then took a firm hold on the lower end of the tail, and the farrier began work.

The old fashioned docking shears with which the tail used to be divided are now out of use. The operation was done with a surgeon's amputating knife. The farrier poised the sharp edged lance over the vertebræ, and with short, deft strokes, wielding the knife with a steady hand, he cut through the flesh and cartilage, quickly severing the tail.

There was no flow of blood, the string tied above the cut checking the hemorrhage. While the farrier brought an iron at white heat from the furnace the coachman clipped a bunch of hairs from the severed end. He covered the raw cut thickly with the hairs, and then the cauterizing iron was pressed against the flesh. A sickening odor of burning hair and flesh arose at once, making the air of the closed up stable almost suffocating. This was the end of the operation. Both the cutting and the burning had been done inside of 60 seconds.

As a precaution the horse had not been fed that morning, and he began ravenously munching at the oats as soon as he was tied to the manger. During the cutting the horse did not quit eating, but he shook his head, and the body quivered when the iron burned the flesh. At this time, too, the horse gave a shrill neigh of pain, and but for the supporting hammock he might have fallen, for he tried to crouch down in the stall. As soon as the iron was removed the pain must have vanished, for the horse immediately began at the oats again and seemed at ease. By this improved method the operation is less cruel than under the old style of amputation.

The farrier's fear of detection was due to the vigilance of the Society For the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which offers a standing reward of $100 to any one who will report a case of docking at its offices and give the evidence necessary to convict the offenders.—New York World.

John Wesley's Wife.

John Wesley married a widow, Mrs. Vizelle, who grew tired of his restlessly laborious life and complained. He paid no attention, and from complaint she went on to jealousy, thence to fury. He rebuked her sternly: "Do not any longer contend for mastery, for power, money or praise. Be content to be a private, insignificant person. Of what importance is your character to mankind? If you were buried just now or had never lived, what loss would it be to the cause of God?" She left him, taking with her a large number of his private papers, and he dismissed the subject by writing in his journal: "I did not forsake her. I did not dismiss her. I shall not call her back."

Food For Thought.

"How do you like my new dining room motto, 'Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow you die?'" asked the boarding house landlady of the old boarder.

"I think it very appropriate," he said, with a suggestive glance at the famine before him.—Detroit Free Press.

Taken.

"I propose," began the deliberate old lawyer who called around to see a young widow on business, when his vivacious client exclaimed, "I accept." They are now partners.—Dallas News.

SKATING IN CHINA.

Its Utility Is Carrying on the Internal Trade of the Country.

Skating is a business with the Chinaman rather than a sport, for he contrives to turn frozen canals into convenient highways for his merchandise, as they do in Holland and Denmark. Passengers are carried in sledge chairs, propelled by an active Celestial on skates, and there is no more enjoyable way of making a tour round the 17 miles of wall which encircles the ancient city of Peking than in a sledge of this description. The canals afford facilities for locomotion which are not to be found in the dirty streets, crowded as they are with overworked humanity.

It is not likely that the Celestials will ever astonish the world with a rival to our Smarts or Sees, for they do not aim at great speed of progression, but they are nevertheless fairly qualified adepts in their way, and there have been some efforts made to introduce ice yachts out there, which would indeed be a grand thing not only for sport, but for the transport of goods at a time when all traffic is practically as a standstill, owing to the impassable condition of the wretched causeways which do duty in China for highroads. There are over 70 miles of the Pei-Ho annually covered with ice several feet thick, bank to bank, extending from Tung-Chau, the port of Peking, to the mouth of the river at Taku, in the gulf of Chili. What a noble race course this would form for our fen skaters!

It is not commonly known that the capital of China is icebound for five months out of the 12, or that the stolid looking Chinese could ever be graceful skaters, yet both these facts are well established. The Chinese use a very inferior style of skate, of their own manufacture—a mere chunk of wood arranged to tie on the shoe and shod with a rather broad strip of iron. There is no attempt at elegance of design or at anything approaching a spring fastening. A pair of "Acmes," when shown by the writer to some native students in the Chinese capital, produced unbounded astonishment and admiration by their neatness and strength. On the other hand, the very cheapness and simplicity of the common native made article tend to make skating general.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

THE INTELLIGENT HORSE.

In the Cavalry Charge His Own Fury Is Half the Battle.

The fiery spirit of the horse has been greatly subdued in servitude, but is not entirely conquered. The hunter and the charger, when in the excitement of the chase and battle, are far from being mere dummies on which their master rides. The judgment of a good hunter is oftentimes better than that of his town bred rider, who, by attempted guidance, brings both to grief.

Houssay relates that wild horses meeting an equine friend in harness are wont to gambol about as though inviting him again to freedom, and that if his driver tries forcing them away with his whip they will crowd closer, bite the traces and kick the vehicle until they have released their captive brother. The Tyrolese, in 1809, so history tells, took a number of Bavarian horses and used them in their service, whereupon they suddenly turned back to their old ranks, and nothing would stop them. The civil war furnished instances of this nature.

Dr. Romanes, on the authority of Dr. John Rae, quotes an instance that occurred several years ago. A Shetland pony, when purchased, had never been shod. It was shod at once. Later it came to the blacksmith shop unattended and unhaltered, and when driven away returned again. The smith finally found one shoe gone. He promptly shod the foot, when the pony stamped it a few times, as if settling the shoe into better position, and then, with a happy little neigh, trotted off home.

Professor Claypole of Ohio tells of a Toronto horse that was feeding beside a stream, over which its mistress started on a foot plank. She fell in where the water was deep. Instantly the animal trotted up, put down his head, and seizing her held her with his teeth until help came. Even a mule, that is generally thought to move only when clubbed and then in the wrong direction, is not a whit less knowing.—Lewiston Journal.

The Editorial Page.

C. J. S. writes to find out why the editorial page of a newspaper is always leaded.

To this question there are two answers: First, in the early days it was customary to pay editors by the line and to permit them to occupy only so much space. The leads were consequently put in to prevent them from earning a decent living; hence the expression so much favored by Rushville journalists, "The poor editor."

Second, it has probably been noticed that it is only the most important news in the paper that is leaded, and these leads are therefore put on the editorial page to fool the people into believing that they are important and to induce them to read them.

This should be labeled "A Joke."—Omaha World-Herald.

A Lively Imagination.

A peripatetic phonograph exhibitor in Holland showed a lively imagination recently. During his performance the machine was heard to say "Halt!" in a loud, authoritative tone. "That," said the exhibitor proudly, in response to the question naturally put, "is the voice of Napoleon Bonaparte giving an order at the battle of Waterloo."—Springfield Republican.

Self Crimination.

Raoul—I had a dog who attacked all the rascals.

His Friend—What did you do with him?

Raoul—I had to get rid of him. He was everlastingly biting me.—Paris Revue Anecdotique.

LOST LOVE.

Who wins his love shall lose her,
Who loses her shall gain,
For still the spirit woos her,
A soul without a stain,
And memory still pursues her
With longings not in vain!

He loses her who gains her,
Who watches day by day
The dust of time that stains her,
The griefs that leave her gray,
The flesh that yet enchains her
Whose grace hath passed away!

Oh, happier he who gains not
The love some seem to gain.
The joy that custom stains not
Shall still with him remain,
The loveliness that wanes not,
The love that ne'er can wane.

He dreams she grows not older
The lands of dream among.
Though all the world wax colder.
Though all the songs be sung,
In dreams doth he behold her
Still fair and kind and young.

—Andrew Lang.

FLOWER TRADE ABBREVIATIONS.

Short and Expressive Names For Popular Flowers as Used by Florists.

That florists and florists' clerks have a language of their own when it comes to the making up of orders is an interesting fact not appreciated by the young man who wishes to send a bunch of violets or roses to his best girl, or the father of a family in swelldom who receives a large monthly bill for the decoration of his parlors. Respectfully and deferentially does the florist stand by a customer and murmur the longest floral names without abbreviations.

But when he and his assistants are alone horticultural titles are clipped short. The most cherished and expensive blossoms, no matter how great their dewy fragrance may be, are treated with scant respect.

It is "Hey, Jimmy, a dozen of those 'mums,'" a voice will cry. "And don't forget that lot of 'tubies' for Mrs. Smith-Smith." Indeed the ardent lover of blossoms would be disenchanted if she listened to the talk of the trade for a brief half hour.

There are no rules of abbreviation, and some of the longest floral names are never clipped, but spoken exactly as they are written. Even the most ignorant florist's clerk speaks precisely of hyacinths, geraniums, mignonette, lilacs, violets, poppies, magnolias, orchids, ivy, jasmine, phlox and carnation pinks. His abbreviations are logical as a rule, and oftener than otherwise he makes use of the first or last sound of a name.

Here is a brief sample of the Florists' Ready Guide:

Chrysanthemums, "mums;" tuberoses, "tubies;" lilies of the valley, "valleys;" Jacqueminot roses, "jacks;" bride roses, "brides;" primroses, "prims;" Maria Louise violets, "Louisas" goldenrod, "rods;" stephanotis, "steps;" cape jasmine, "capes;" japonicas, "japs;" amaryllis, "rills;" China asters, "chinas;" morning glories, "glories;" lemon verbena, "lemons;" narcissus, "cissus;" rhododendrons, "dendrons;" immortelles, "everlastings."—New York World.

The Postal Whistle.

New York undoubtedly has an admirable mail service. A city letter sent on its way within business hours will get there almost as quickly as a telegram, and not infrequently quicker than a messenger. The deliveries and collections are frequent, the carriers careful and courteous, and blindly directed missives are generally delivered to their owners after a very short hunt. How letters bearing only the name of comparative strangers are promptly deposited in office or flat boxes surprises strangers. When the postman drops a letter in your house box, or deposits paper or packet on the tiles beneath it, he pulls your bell and whistles. These postal whistles are similar to those used by the police. So when the bell jingles and the whistling follows there's no need to open the door or wonder who's there. You know all about it. The postal whistle could be adopted with benefit elsewhere.—New York Letter.

An Illinois Girl In Washington.

I sat next an Illinois girl in the house gallery and marked the manner of her speech, which was strange to a Washington ear. She did not slight a single "r." The broad English "a" eastern people affect was unknown to her. She asked me what time congress "took up" and when it "let out." She spoke of a brook in her home and called it a "branch." She said it seemed so funny to get six car tickets for "2 bits," and she told me she had not attended the opening of congress because she "could not get to go," but that she meant to hear just as many great speeches as she could "get to hear." Then she excused herself and went away, as she said she had "some trading to do for ma."—Washington Post.

Tying the Knot.

One part of the wedding ceremony among the Babylonians was very significant. The priest took a thread from the garment of the bride and another from the garment of the bridegroom and tied them into a knot, which he gave the bride. This is probably the origin of the modern saying about tying the knot in regard to marriage.

A Different Question.

Father (impressively)—Suppose I should be taken away suddenly, what would become of you, my boy?

Irreverent Son—I'd stay here. The question is, What would become of you?—West Chester Critic.

Galen says that oats were grown abundantly in Asia Minor; were used as food for the horses and by men in times of famine.

The lowest order of animal life is found in the microscopic jellyfish. It is simply a minute drop of gelatinous matter.

Croton is an Indian word meaning "The Wind." The river was named for an Indian chief.

DRUGGISTS MUST HAVE GOOD NOSES.

Missouri Pharmacists Preparing to Have a Smelling Contest.

In Missouri druggists are preparing to hold a big smelling contest at the annual meeting of the State Pharmaceutical association next spring. That pill roller who can name the greatest number of drugs just by smelling of them will carry off a cash prize of $50. It will probably be the first contest of the sort ever held, though druggists have always recognized the value of a well trained proboscis in determining the nature of chemicals.

Chicago pharmacists are both interested and amused over the prospects for a smelling contest. There are few drugs, common or rare, that are absolutely odorless, and the test of smell is a recognized one among all pharmacists.

"A druggist must have a good nose," said one. "The odor of drugs is part of the test in all pharmaceutical colleges. A druggist will test drugs first by his nose, then by sight, then by taste. Then he will experiment in chemical reactions. A great many rare drugs, like cumarin, can be determined by odor. Cumarin is derived from the tonka bean and has its distinctive odor. Other drugs, like carbolic acid in crystals, are easily distinguished. Even substances like oxalic acid, by setting up a characteristic irritation in the nostrils, may be determined. Sodium hyposulphite has a faint smell discernible by the educated nose, and nitrate of silver has a faint but distinctive smell. The cyanide salts have an odor like peach or cherry stones — the prussic acid smells. All the salts of acetic acid are easily determined, and iodine and bromine salts have also their distinctive odors. On the other hand, the sodium salts are hard to distinguish. Hydrastine has no smell, and you cannot distinguish the salts of mercury by its smell. As for the tinctures, they are more easily distinguished by odor than the salts. Nearly all of them have a decided smell. Take arnica, camphor, peppermint, cardamon, even a layman can distinguish them by their odors."

Druggist D. R. Dyche says: "It is rather a comical idea—that of a smelling contest. Probably the pharmacists in Missouri have better noses than we have here in Chicago. This lake air is not beneficial. You could probably run up a list of 200 or 300 chemicals that could be determined by smell alone. Take common drugs like angelica root, benzoin, rose leaves, even opium, sassafras, annis, peppermint, cherry bark, spearmint and the many of the aromatic oils and fluid extracts like thyme or buchu or senna—any one not an expert can easily determine them. If taste and smell could both be employed, an enormously big list could be prepared."—Chicago Tribune.

THE VANDAL IN EGYPT.

Temples and Idols Being Ruthlessly Destroyed For Building Material.

W. M. Flinders-Petrie, in a letter to the London Times, bewails the destruction of monuments and historical records which is going on in Egypt. He says that "every season sees buildings ruthlessly destroyed for the sake of materials and a host of objects plundered by the natives from towns and cemeteries in order that they may be scattered without name or record among the tourist flock. Even those objects which pass into museums have lost most of their importance and of their value in losing all record of their original place and circumstances.

"The laws of Egypt may be excellent in theory, but in practice it is well known that hundreds of persons join in this destruction—yet no man is punished for it. There is, then, the most urgent need of saving all that is possible by complete and careful excavation, in which the history and meaning of every object shall be traced and recorded as it is found. To any person not acquainted with the practical work of excavation it might seem that so long as things are not actually destroyed it does not matter whether it be an Arab or a trained observer that may find them. But there is generally more history involved in the position and details of a discovery than in the object found. Fossils are worth but little if their strata are unknown.

"More scientific material has been destroyed than preserved in many or most excavations, even by Europeans and Egyptologists." He then proceeds to solicit for the Egyptian research account, which, he says, has been established "not to undertake great clearances or exploits in the country, but to fit men for work of the highest class archæologically, and at the same time benefit our knowledge and our museums as far as may be by means of their excavations."

Patriotic Boston.

Of late the people of Boston and vicinity have been receiving letters through the Boston postoffice with a new cancellation mark on the stamp that resembles the American flag. The design consists of a series of curved lines instead of the five long parallel lines which have been in common use.

Postmaster Coveney said that the "new machines were necessary, and so was the design. It is a new feature, and at present it is only used in the Boston postoffice, as it has not yet been adopted by the large offices throughout the country. It is a cancellation mark that can be called thoroughly patriotic, for it resembles the old American flag. It is a new idea, not much over a month old."

Exercise For Heat.

When you feel chilly, don't crouch over the radiator or the register and don't put on a wrap. Get up and move briskly about for a few moments until you have started up an invigorating current of blood in your veins. If possible, take this exercise in the open air. If this is not possible, let it be about your rooms. But, in one way or another, take it.

THE WILD HORSES OF NEVADA.

They Are a Nuisance to the Ranchers and Are Being Shot Wherever Found.

R. L. Fulton of Reno, for a number of years agent of the land department of the Central Pacific railroad, is at the California and tells a strange story of the myriads of wild horses now roaming over Nevada and of the steps that have been taken to get rid of them.

"There are now in Nevada more than 200,000 head of these horses," said Mr. Fulton, "and they are increasing so fast that they are getting to be a great nuisance. Cattle and sheep owners are killing them wherever they can.

"The last legislature passed a law permitting any one to shoot any stallions that were found running wild, and the ranchers have in consequence been killing them off wherever they could. They do this as well to get rid of them as to keep the wild horses from increasing.

"The trouble is they are eating off the grass so that sheep and cattle owners are having a tough time of it in certain sections. More than this, the stallions are in many cases leading off the domestic horses from the ranches. So the ranchers have it in for them and are making it very lively. Many is the stallion they have killed, and some of them are very fine too.

"And what do you suppose they do with them afterward? Why, they turn them over to the swine to eat. They figure that in this way each stallion is worth about $2, which is the top notch figure that can be realized from them. Horses are very cheap now the world over, but probably not since the settlement of America have horses been so cheap as they are in Nevada.

"Most of the wild horses are in the neighborhood of Elko and Iron Point. A few years ago there was turned loose from the Evans ranch, near Iron Point, a fine thoroughbred stallion. He joined the neighboring bands of wild horses and could not be got back again.

"The result has been that the quality of the herds was greatly improved. He left many colts that were much superior to the old stock. The various bands have increased much since then. While many of the horses would not be called first class, others are very fine, and all are as tough as pine knots and as fleet as there is any use in having horses."—San Francisco Examiner.

LADY BROOKE'S CLOAK.

The Fact That It Cost £800 Has Stirred English Public Opinion.

A healthy sign of the influence of public opinion upon the wealthy classes was given lately. Some time ago the Countess of Warwick, better known perhaps as Lady Brooke, a dear friend of the Prince of Wales, lost, or there was stolen from her, a magnificent sable cloak. The police description of the missing garment gave its value as £800.

Several democratic newspapers of no particular influence made unkind comments upon the extravagance of a woman who spends so much money for one article of dress. Some even went into statistics as to the number of poor people who could be fed a week for £800.

Time was when any countess, or, for the matter of that, any woman, in this country would have gloried in the mere cost of her garments and would have been made happy by every newspaper recording it, but even aristocracy is sensitive to such matters now. The Countess of Warwick was quite shocked at the idea that anybody supposed that she squandered £800 upon herself and caused this paragraph to be inserted in the papers:

"The cloak was a wedding present. I should have thought it wicked to have given so much for a single garment when there is so much distress and misery prevalent."

The letter of disclaimer does her ladyship credit, and it is only just to state that since her husband succeeded to the earldom she has set an example to her order by the way in which she has looked after the poorer tenantry on the extensive estates in Essex and elsewhere. The Earl of Warwick, like most landowners, has been hit hard by the general agricultural depression, but the majority of territorial magnates made the reduction in their previous bloated incomes an excuse for neglecting the poor altogether.—London Letter.

CURIOUS FRENCH LAW.

It Is No Offense to Attempt to Commit a Crime When You Don't Succeed.

A curious application of the old theory of impossible crime was made last week by the court of criminal appeals at Paris.

Two pickpockets named Fargant and Monty were arrested some weeks ago near a bureau d'omnibus in the exercise of their profession. Fargant watched, ready to receive the stolen goods, while his comrade explored the pockets of a man in the crowd. Luck was not with the thieves, however, for the victim's pockets were absolutely empty.

The Ninth chamber of the criminal courts condemned Monty to six months' and Fargant to 18 months' imprisonment. They appealed and were both acquitted by virtue of the antique adage that there could be no theft where there was nothing to steal.

This is similar to a case which happened in Paris not long ago of a man who fired a load of buckshot through a window at a bed where he believed an enemy was sleeping. The bedclothing was riddled with shot, but the bed was empty, the occupant fortunately having risen not long before. The court of appeals also decided in this instance that there was no case, as murder was manifestly impossible, and the would be assassin was acquitted. So, according to French law, it is not always true that the intention is equivalent to the act.

Too Much Blood and Iron.

John Jacob Astor is now a colonel. So is Queen Victoria and the baby grandson of the Prince of Wales. This rapid increase of men of blood and iron must stop.—Chicago Record.

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BREAKFAST IN BED.

This Is the Way In Which to Enjoy the Height of Luxury.

There is nothing which gives one quite the same feeling of luxury and affluence as breakfasting in bed—that is, unless one is forced to do it. Then it seems merely an annoyance. But when the woman whom unkind fate and domestic or business duties usually force to be up with the lark can lie in bed and have a daintily appointed breakfast tray brought up to her she feels that the final joy of sybaritism is hers.

Sunday morning is the best time for the daughter of toil to indulge in this luxurious habit. If she is a churchgoing woman, she may manage by having breakfast at 9:45. If she desires to be both pious and lazy, there are those who compromise by reading morning service in bed, and their method is perhaps not to be despised.

The first step toward enjoying this luxury is to have one's warm bath, hair brushing and the like. Then slipping on a bath robe or a dressing sack, the seeker after luxury should slip back into bed, adjust her pillows comfortably and proceed to enjoy her breakfast. It should be an unusually dainty one and served with the most appetizing regard for appearances. The tray should be covered with a delicately embroidered cloth. The china pot in which the coffee comes up should be as pretty as coffeepots can be, the sugar basin and cream jug the very perfection of daintiness. There should be a little glass bowl of mignonette or violets, or a couple of carnations, or even some fragrant green geranium stalks. A bunch of grapes, duskily purple or pink and opal, coffee clear as amber and fragrant as only coffee can be, toast, a slice of bacon and an egg or eggs boiled form a breakfast fit to serve on the pretty tray.

If the woman who breakfasts in bed will proceed to spend the rest of the day there, sleeping when she can, reading a little, entirely undisturbed by the cares of her household, she will ward off the approach of hideous old age half a decade.—Philadelphia Press.

She Listened.

Miss C.'s portrait hung on the wall at the exhibition. Miss C. hung around her portrait. Miss C. had lips that an ablebodied man would walk five miles to kiss. Her eyes were twin stars. Upon her forehead hung two beautiful curls—twin curls. Miss C. was delightful to behold.

She was immersed in the study of her catalogue. Of course she was not there to listen to the comments.

"Beautiful picture, isn't it?"

"Yes; I wonder if it's true to life?"

"I don't know. It's awfully pretty anyway."

"It is pretty. The features are perfect, but I don't think she looks very intelligent."

Miss C., with a crimson face, slapped her book shut and walked away.—

COMPETITION IN BABIES.

Wherein a Word to a Wise Papa Ought to Be Sufficient.

"I am getting to be the most barefaced and versatile liar on earth," said the bachelor, "and it's all on account of two little innocent babies. Two of my friends at the office have recently been invested with the honor of paternity—both boys. Prouder papas you never saw. One of them, Jones, is an amateur photographer, and the other day he took a picture of his baby and brought it to the office.

"Of course you know how intelligent a child of one month looks," continued the bachelor, stroking his bald head with the air of a connoisseur in infancy, "but the boys in the office were loyal. They swore it was the brightest looking kid they had ever seen and that it was the image of Jones.

"If it had been any one else's child, Jones would have knocked somebody down for the insult, but he took it as a great compliment and stuck the picture up in a frame on his desk.

"This was too much for Smith—the other papa. He hasn't any camera of his own, so he got a young man who lives next door to come in and take his baby's picture, and he brought it down to the office as an opposition to Jones'. Really I'm sorry for Smith if his baby looks like that picture, but I rather think the amateur artist libeled the child and made it the monster it appears.

"The picture was not focused properly. It represents Smith in the background holding on his knee a mammoth infant nearly as big as he is. The baby's hands are outstretched toward the camera and look as though they might belong to Mr. Fitzsimmons or Mr. Corbett. Smith thought it was beautiful, and when some one suggested that the boy looked just exactly like him he ordered drinks all around and put the picture up on his desk as a further opposition to Jones'.

"Every time I come into the office I have to stop and admire those pictures, and I'm acquiring great self control by keeping a straight face whenever Jones or Smith says, 'And still you will remain a bachelor, will you?'"—New York Herald.

The Argenteuil Holy Coat.

The chemical examination of the stains on the holy coat of Argenteuil, set on foot by the Bishop of Versailles, has resulted in a report by the two scientific experts engaged that the spots are of human blood and are very old.—Versailles Letter.

A Hitch In the Transfer.

Boston is in rather a singular position, with a costly and magnificent public library building ready for occupancy, but going unused because there is no money to move the books.—Boston Journal.

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